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Published Monthly at Bandera, Texas, by J. Marvin Hunter

Portion of a Review in New York Times of "Fifty Years on the Old Frontier"

This volume of reminiscences adds another to the list of books whereby the Yale University Press—to which all honor for the enterprise—is helping to make clear certain phases of American history. Mr. Cook saw much of the beginnings and early march of the outposts of civilization as they pushed toward the frontier across far western plains and mountains that he has rendered a distinct public service in setting down his memories, as the Yale University Press has done in putting them into permanent form. The work affords, of course, the entertainment always to be found by those who enjoy narratives of adventure and danger and for all who are interested in the thrilling story of the winning of the West its tale is pleasurable and valuable reading. But over and above both these the volume has much value as a source book of American history during those troubled years of war with the Apaches in the southwest and the Sioux and the Cheyennes in the northwest, for of it all the author can say, "all of which I saw and a part of which I was." Especially interesting is his study of the famous and able Sioux chieftain, Red Cloud, whose friend he was for many years.

"Captain Jim" Cook knew all the far western country, north and south, from boyhood and all the first part of his book is devoted to accounts of what he did and saw as he herded cattle, drove them on the trails from the southwest northward to Abilene, Fort Dodge and other points; hunted buffalo and other big game on the mountains and plains, both north and south, encountered Indians and bad men, endured blizzards, tornadoes, and other eccentricities of the western climate, swam his droves across rampaging streams and camped o'nights in the sage brush. It is a lively and entertaining chronicle and he tells his story well, with point and rapid movement and plenty of anecdote. Later on came his more important service as scout with the United States Army in the Indian campaigns against Geronimo, Red Cloud and other chiefs on the warpath. His accounts of these troubles, his descriptions of the duties, responsibilities and characteristics of the army scouts of those days and his keen and judicially minded analyses of the characters of some of the more famous of the Indian chiefs are all valuable contributions to the history of that portion of the United States. Of Red Cloud, who was his friend for thirty-five years, the author says:

"He was a clear-headed, far-seeing man, with much greater brain power than many had given him credit for. He was at least brave and faithful to his people, and one of whom it might be truthfully said 'Here was a man.' His friendship for me was, I believe, as genuine as any Indian ever had or a white man Red Cloud was a most interesting student of nature and his knowledge of the flora and fauna of the land over which he and his people roamed was simply marvelous to me. Naturally, he could not look upon the coming of the white man and the passing of the buffalo with anything but sorrow and hatred in his heart."

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FRONTIER TIMES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BANDERA, TEXAS

Devoted to Frontier History, Border Tragedy and Pioneer Achievement

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The Killing of Ludwig Spaeth.

Leonard Passmore, in Mason Herald.

Among the many tragedies of the early frontier, there was none more brutal than the killing of Ludwig Spaeth by the Indians in the summer of 1871; and among the many daring deeds of bravery recorded we find none exceeding that of Louis Spaeth the thirteen year old son of Ludwig Spaeth, and a witness to his father's killing.

Ludwig Spaeth was a German who in an early day left his home across the sea and cast his fortune among his friends and kindred who had preceded him and settled in the Meusebach Colony at Fredericksburg. Just how old he was when he came, or even his age at the time of his death is not known. But judging from many correllated facts he must have been a young man when he came and about 35 when killed. He was a strong, brawny man, and a mason by trade. The work of his honest hands may yet be seen in some of the old buildings at Fredericksburg.

Like many others Spaeth eventually became wearied with the monotony of the trowel and the hammer and desired a life of more independence. He accordingly came into possession of a little piece of land on a creek called Little Sandy near the noted Enchanted Rock, close to the boundary line of Gillespie and Llano counties, the place selected for his home being within the limits of Gillespie.

Here he built a little cabin and cleared a small farm. He had gathered some stock about him and had just begun to enjoy the freedom and independence of such a life when an unexpected death put an end to his hopes and desires. It all came about as follows: Sometime before this, a man by the name of Kese was out in the woods hunting his oxen. Failing to find them on the range he went to a spring and sat down to wait for them to come in to water. All of a sudden he noticed his pony raise his head and prick up his ears and show other signs of being frightened. Kese at once thought of Indians and grabbed his shotgun which was lying at his side. Looking carefully through the brush he at last spied an Indian stealthily crawling towards him. Raising his gun the white man fired and the Indian fell dead. Kese then mounted his pony and fled to the house, but the comrades of the Indian that had been killed pursued him, and failing to get him swore vengeance. The next raid they made they came with sufficient force to carry out their dastardly purpose. They came as usual in the time of full moon, and camped near Spaeth's house in a little glade on the Cherry Springs road. From thence they issued in small squads to different parts of the settlement in quest of horses; and using a term of those days, the country was literally "cleaned up."

That morning Spaeth yoked up his oxen to his plow and began breaking land. His second son, Louis, went along to drive the team. The land being turned lay near a patch of corn which was just in silk and tassel. Near this was a small truck patch in which two smaller boys, Frank and Jacob were gathering peas. At the house some distance away was Mrs. Spaeth, her daughter, Mary, an infant son Willie, Mrs. Kese and a man named Sagebiel. None of these had in any way been made aware that the Indians were in the country. Up and down the diminishing land the oxen slowly plodded on, being urged by the occasional crack of the long whip in the hand of the driver. As the workmen turned at the end furthest from the house, the voice of Mrs. Spaeth was heard calling them to dinner. "We'll drive back to the other end" said the father, "then we'll quit for dinner." So saying the huge plow was drawn around, the handles lifted up that its point might take the matted earth, when a report, louder than the crack of a whip startled the sleepy oxen and the driver looked around just in time to see his father fall, pierced with a ball and several arrows. The boy

at once realized that it was the work of Indians, concealed in a shinoak thicket and started for the corn patch. By this time three of the lusty braves had emerged and mounted the field fence, two running to the dead man and the other pursuing the boy.

As the boy ran he stumbled and fell. While on the ground his pusurers fired a ball at his, which came near taking deadly effect. It then occurred to the boy that he was armed with his father's pistol. Grabbing this he arose, took deliberate aim and fired, whereupon the Indian fell, uttering a loud shriek as he hit the ground. His comrades dashed to him, and the boy turned and fled, making his way to the high corn in which the Indians did not attempt to follow, but fired many shots in the direction of the moving stalks. At last, with the coolness of a man with mature years, the boy lay down between two rows which had been somewhat heaped up in ridges after the old fashioned way of laying corn by with the turning plow, and remained there till the savages had ceased their firing. Many balls, he said, struck around him, and some struck the rail fence beyond.

When nothing more could be heard, Louis arose and ran for the house, getting there just as Frank and Jake did, who slipped away, unobserved it appears, from the truck patch when the first shot was fired. Louis, who still had his pistol in his hand showed but little signs of fear. The little boys had dallied a little at first, thinking their father was shooting at a panther which had been around there. But hearing other shots and seeing the forms of other beings beside their father and brother, they realized it to be an attack by Indians and hastened to the house.

Mrs. Spaeth and Mrs. Kese came running out of the house to meet the boys. The mother asked in frightened tones what was the matter.

"Indians!" replied Louis.

"Is Papa killed?" the mother asked turning pale with fright.

Louis said that he was not, but that he was badly hurt. He knew better, but thought it best—as most people do—to impart bad news by slow degrees.

Asking Louis if there was any water where he and his father had been at work, and being told there was, the brave woman, prompted by that love and undying devotion of a true companion, started to her husband. Mrs. Kese asked Mr. Sagebiel to bring her back, but for some reason he did not do so, and Mrs. Kese herself followed after the heart-stricken woman and prevailed upon her to return to the house.

It was then agreed that Mr. Sagebiel and Louis should go to the dead body. This they bravely did, expecting every minute to be fired on from ambush as the father and friend had been. But no Indians were to be seen. After lancing the body several times, the savages left it thus mutilated, lying in the midday sun. Strange to say, the victim was not scalped. No part of his clothing was taken but his hat.

The dead man had to be cared for. There were other settlers a little further up on Crabapple Creek—C. Welgehausen, Crockett Riley, Mat. Schmidtke, and perhaps others. They were informed of the tragedy and they forthwith came and rendered aid. About eight miles west was the Cherry Springs settlement at which lived Jacob Deering, D. Rode, William Schneider and a few others. It was specially desirable to get these settlers news, for two reasons. First they were particular friends to the deceased and second, Mr. D. Rode was a preacher, and it was the wish of Mrs. Spaeth that he should preach her husband's funeral. But just how to convey the news was a puzzling question. All the horses had been stolen, and besides it was at the risk of losing his life on the part of the one who volunteered to go. There was some hesitancy, when Louis volunteered for the service, again arming himself with his father's pistol.

The boy made the entire journey on foot. The road led up a canyon to the top of a mountain. When about half a mile from home the camp of the Indians previously referred to was found. From indications a large bunch had been there but none were seen at that time. Most boys, however, would have turned back but our brave little hero did not. On he went till from the slopes of the mountains on the west he could see the dim outlines of the settlers' cabins in the valley below.

The first house reached was that of Mr. Deering. The old man was a bosom friend to Mr. Spaeth and suspecting something to be wrong by seeing the boy approach on foot, went to meet him.

"Why, Louis," he said, "did you come on foot?"

"The Indians got all our horses and my father too," the boy replied.

When this was said, the old man turned his back to the boy and wept most bitterly. The boy, wearied from his long walk, was told to stop and rest, while Mr. Deering informed the other neighbors of the tragedy.

Mr. Rode was away from home and it was with some difficulty that he was informed. It was very necessary that he should get word, for the reason before stated. His ministerial duties at another place was the cause of his bing absent at the time. He had gone to a place near Castell to preach. On getting the word, however, the minister hastened home, and thence to the Spaeth home on the Sandy.

All other preparations for the interment had been made by the time the minister arrived. In touching words he told of the many good deeds of the honest pioneer whose lifeless corpse lay before them, and of the suddenness of the calamity that fell like a thunderbolt upon the bereaved family. And then the coffin was lowered, not amid a bed of roses, but amid all the tributes that loving hands could administer amid the wilds of the Texas frontier. The grave was made in the field in which the man was murdered not far from the scene of the awful deed.

The bereaved widow could not bear to live on Sandy very long after her husband's death. The home once full of hope and cheerfulness had now become one of gloom and despair. The poor woman longed to get away. At the first opportunity she sold and moved to Live-oak near Fredericksburg. There she cared for her little flock of orphans, instilling in them the same honest traits of character so notably manifest in their father. She labored with her own hands for their support and directed their labor, and thus they grew up into a careful, economical, industrious and moral family.

Tells of An Indian Massacre.

Mr. F. J. Brown, of Marinette, Ariz., writing to the Dallas Semi-Weekly News, says:

"The men who hazarded their lives and property and the lives of their faithful cowboys, are about all across the great beyond. Just a few are left. It is ridiculous to say there was no one living in Wichita county before 1873. I will give a few names of men who ranched there prior to 1873: J. Horton Williams, Dan Waggoner, Glen Halsell, Curtis Brothers, Captain Ikard, Elisha Ikard and possibly S. B. Burnett. Quite a few of these men the writer knew personally. They were as gay a set of cowboys as ever straddled a bronco, generous and brave. These men not only had Indians to contend with, but rustlers and buffalo, too. They met the situation as well as their neighbors farther to the south of them. At that time no organized counties existed west of Jack county. Perhaps Young county was organized. Baylor county was organized in 1878. Oregon City was the county seat, but later it was changed to Seymour.

"I well remember the massacre of Henry Warren's teamsters. Old Satanta, Big Tree and Satank, Comanche chiefs, led the raid. They had 100 warriors. Suddenly, without warning, they surrounded the wagon train before the men could circle their wagons together, and shot them nearly all down before they could get to their ammunition. Then the brutes chained one man to a wagon and burned him to death. One out of the entire crew escaped. He was shot in the heel, but in the struggle managed to grab an Indian's red blanket and wrapped himself in it and got away. Tom Brazil was his name, I think.

"The Indians then gathered the mules and provisions and made their way to Fort Sill, the Indian agency for this tribe. Old Satanta openly made his brag to the Indian agent at Fort Sill that he led this attack and killed and scalped nine teamsters and captured forty mules. About this time Gen. McKenzie was in Fort Sill on a tour of inspection. On hearing of the incident he had the three chiefs arrested ad ordered them taken to Texas and delivered to the Sheriff of Jack County for trial. One of the chiefs named Satank tore the handcuffs off and grabbed a gun from a guard, but was sent to the happy hunting ground by another guard. They buried him in his blanket north of Red River, on the old stage road. They went on to Jacksboro with the other two, where they were tried and convicted of murder. It was said Satanta made the best speech in his own defense ever heard from an uneducated man, but he got what was coming to him when he jumped from the prison wall at Huntsville and broke his neck.

Captain Buck Barry Was a Noted Fighter.

Captain R. B. (Buck) Barry, who died some years ago in Bosque county, was known from Red River to the Rio Grande as one of the greatest Indian fighters that figured in frontier warfare. From his pen we give some of his experiences while following the crimson trail during the early days in Texas:

As the State Convention that passed the ordinance of secession saw proper to place troops on our frontier after the Federal forces had retired they ordered Col. Henry E. McCulloch to proceed at once to the front and take charge of the forts then occupied by United States soldiers. A portion of my company was at that time camped on the head of Hubbard's creek and was ordered out by Governor Houston while I was absent on a scout. Subsequently, they were transferred to the Confederate service. When I returned, I found myself in command of a company in the First Texas Cavalry under Col. Henry McCulloch.

Our regiment was stationed in detachments from Red River to the Rio Grande, each about a day's ride apart along the uppermost settlements.

The first scout of any importance was ordered out by Major Burleson who directed me to meet him at a certain spring on Red River, about a day's ride above the Wichita Mountains. The night before the morning on which I was to start a messenger came in stating that ten of my men whom I had sent to escort some wagons from Camp Cooper on the Brazos to Gooch's ranch on Red River had been roughly handled by a band of Indians between the Red Fork of the Brazos and Little Wichita, about 40 miles from Camp Cooper where I was then stationed. I sent off one-half of my company to their relief that night and all that could be spared from the post the next morning. They met with the remnant of the detachment at Red Fork. After burying young McKay, one of the mortally wounded and giving such medical aid as we could to the other wounded, we sent them back with an escort.

The detachment of which I speak, was under the leadership of Sergeant Erhenback, and they were surrounded on all sides by the Indians on the open prairie. Eight of their ten horses were killed or wounded.

Corporal Miller said that during the hottest of the fight which lasted from 9 a. m. until 3 p. m. and while completely surrounded and exposed to a heavy cross-fire, Sergeant Erhenback ordered a retreat. Miller told the boys it meant sure death to undertake to run out and persuaded them to fight it out where they were as they had several dead horses behind which to shelter. During the controversy, Miller called the Sergeant a coward whereupon they tried to turn their guns on each other but were prevented by the men.

After the Indians had used up all their ammunition, they drew off. The wounded men rode such horses as were able to travel while the rest fought around them on foot against four times their own number.

After burying young McKay we traveled on and after half a day's journey we overtook the Indians that had attacked the wagon escort. Their force had been increased by 100 warriors and they were heading for the settlements. Willie Biffle, who was scouting on the right flank and some distance from the command, came in and reported Indian signs. I halted the command and sent 12 men back after the pack mules which had been stampeded. They were scarcely out of sight over the divide when we heard the firing. We hastened to their relief but not in time to save three of the twelve men from being killed and several wounded. We charged right in among them and amid loud yells, the crack of the rangers' revolvers and the oaths and shouts of the Texans, the battle became general. Indians never could stand a hand-to-hand fight long at a time and while on this occasion they outnumbered us, at least three to one, they began to fall back. For twelve miles we crowded them and kept up the fight across the divide between the Little Wichita and the Red Fork of the Brazos. During this running fight, whenever we became somewhat scattered in the chase the Indians would rally and try to check our advance. They were well armed and well mounted and each warrior was rigged out with a great array of savage toggery. The head ornaments the chief wore were made up of feathers, stripped from the quills and tied in his hair as long as there was a place to tie on, until

it made his head look as large as a wash tub. He was a brave Indian but we made his hair and feathers both fly. Many shots were deflected from their course by his fine shield, but eventually John L. Hardigree got a good bead just over the edge of his shield, pulled the trigger and the bullet struck the savage in his head, putting him out of business. As soon as the Indians saw the chief fall they rallied round him and carried him off.

Many of our men were on slow horses and had fallen behind, but coming up just then with loaded guns they soon put the Indians on the move once more.

In this fight we lost three brave men: Thos. J. Weathersby, Lip Conley and Bud Lane. Two men were wounded. We killed seven of the Indians that we know of The next morning our horses were so stiff we had to help them upon their feet. Lieut. Bushong's horse was unable to stand and we had to leave him expecting him to be devoured by wolves but when we returned to camp several days later we found the faithful beast there.

We buried our three comrades in a buffalo rut and covered them with earth which we carried in our blankets from the nearest bluff, where it was easily scooped out. After we had thus covered their bodies as well as we could with earth we laid heavy stones on top of all to prevent the wolves from scratching them up. This was in July, 1861. We moved a short distance that day and on the day following our scouts on our right flank reported that they saw Indians chasing buffalo. We started in after them at once and soon ran our horses down. Having an idea that the Indians would follow us I left two men on the best horses in my outfit on our trail three miles from where I aimed to camp and ordered them to keep close watch until dark. Shortly after nightfall they came in and reported that the Indians were on our trail and were following us.

I divided my force into groups or squads of five and place them around our horses with orders for no one to speak above a whisper. We were all exceedingly tired, and sleepy and needed rest would have been most welcome, but we knew that we were in eminent peril and our safety depended on wakeful vigilance. It was a clear night but very dark and the bushes and vines overhanging the ravine in which we were camped added to the intensity of the gloom. At 11 o'clock it became evident that the savages were prowling around aand every man was on the alert. An hour later the skulking thieves were discovered trying to crawl to our horses. A volley from the nearest squad brought down two of these and the others fled. Another attempt was made a little later but ended in failure. Several shots were fired at us but no one was hit. Some of the men were encamped above and some below in the ravine. Nearby was a dark hole or canyon that opened into the ravine and I suspected that a bunch of Indians had gone into this hole. I inquired if any of the men were willing to volunteer and explore this hiding place and see if any Indians were hidden there. Aaron Burr Brown, an 18 year old boy said, "Captain, suppose you go yourself as you are getting the biggest pay for hunting Indians, and here is a good chance to find one in the dark." I said "All right; you go in with me," and he went. We felt our way along the wall or bank but found nothing but a horse. The next day we continued our route on up the Brazos. We found plenty of Indian signs and I am satisfied they would have attacked us had they not discovered Major Burleson's command on the opposite side of the river.

Two of my men who had been wounded and lost during our chase after the Indians, supposed, it appears, that the rest of us had been killed. They made their way to Camp Cooper and reported that they were the only survivors of the fight. This report was generally believed. And it was a long time before it was corrected, as we were forty days in getting back to camp. I kept one scouting party out all the balance of that year. No fights of any importance occurred until winter set in. The Indians were depredating all the time on the settlements but the rangers and the settlers found it very difficult to catch them. They almost invariably managed to elude pursuit.

During the winter Captain Milton Boggess, with near half his company, and I, with about half of mine, were going up Pecos river and when near its head waters we discovered an Indian camp in the distance, but seeing us first the Indians ran off, leaving their camp equipment, robes, blankets, etc., and some of their ponies and a large quantity of meat. We stopped in their camp

and took possession of all we wanted.

The next day we hunted them until night, but without success. The day following we discovered them at a great distance off. I told the boys that we had to throw away every pound of extra weight, even including their ropes and hobbles and to run the Indians as long as one was in sight. I told them if any one should fail to keep up with the rest, he would have to show bloody spurs as evidence that he did his best. Being now in very fair trim for a chase and a fight and all hands eager we put in after the Indians and ofter running them for eight miles and getting pretty close up in their rear, they began to leave their slowest horses and double up on their best ons. John Hancock of Gainesville who was mounted on one of the best horse in my company, was well in advance and fired the first shot at the Indians who then raised a white flag. One of the Indians spoke English and Hancock told them that white rag wouldn't count; that he had traveled too far to be cheated out of a fight in that fashion. By this time most of my men had come up and the fight became general. Many of our horses had broken down in the chase and it left us rather short of men, but close, well directed shots soon told with fearful effect upon the Indians and they began to retreat, after which a running fight was kept up for about four miles on the open plains where not a bush or shrub was to be seen. Nearly all of the Indians were killed; only two escaping.

Just as the fight closed, I saw two Indians whose horses had been killed, make off to themselves and I thought it very strange. Sam Stills and I took in after them. Our guns were empty and by the time we loaded them we discovered that the two red rascals were making for the head of the canyon. Stills ran along on the plain to a point about 150 yards below, then ran down in the canyon and lay in wait in the bushes. He had just got in position when his Indian came tearing along and at the crack of Still's gun he turned a somersault and off went his scalp. The one I had shot could not be found. We found blood on the rocks where he first fell and the conclusion was that he had crawled off and hid among the loose rocks that had fallen from the bluff. While we were sitting on the rocks resting ourselves. Aaron Burr Brown said to me that if I would have him decently buried and rocks piled over his grave to prevent the wolves from scratching him up in case he was killed, he would go down among the rocks and try to resurrect that Indian. I promised all he asked and off he went. He not been gone long until we heard the report of his gun and in a few minutes we saw him coming out backwards from a crevice, the report of his pistol among the rocks having nearly stunned him. He waited until the smoke had cleared away, went in and dragged out the dead Indian.

When we had collected our spoils of war, scalps, we went back to where we had left our pack mules and before we reached the place we came upon a fine, sleek looking young Indian who had been wounded in the hips. His comrades thinking he was mortally hurt had taken all his weapons from him but his butcher knife. But he was game and put up a good fight with his knife until it was knocked out of his hand. He was then siezed by the men and the first thing they did to him was to peel off his top-knot. He complained bitterly at being scalped alive, but a bullet soon hushed his plaints and revilings.

In April, 1862, we were ordered to Fort Mason for the purpose of being mustered out. Before reaching Fort Mason we camped at Camp San Saba on the San Saba river. A band of Indians that had been raiding below passed up the country near where we were camped and we soon got in after them and after a chase of ten or twelve miles we came up with them. During this run we had crowded them so closely that we forced them to abandon their loose horses. One of the warriors had on a silk dress and other female apparel that had belonged to a lady on the San Saba. They had raided the place, killed and scalped the entire family and this monster was wearing the dress of one of the murdered victims. Capt. Boggess thought he was a squaw, but he soon found that a warrior's strength was inside that silk dress. In the fight that followed he was killed and his scalp, the blood-stained dress and other articles were sent to friends of the murdered family. In this fight Sergeant Erhenback was badly wounded, Mr. Johnson was also wounded and Lieutenant Nelms' lips were pinned together with an arrow. My horse was shot in the neck and shoulder with arrows and killed. The Indians were nearly all killed, only a few escaping.

A Memorial to Collin McKinney.

There was recently organized at Van Alstyne an association which has for its purpose the raising of funds to erect a suitable memorial over the grave of Collin McKinney, one of the pioneers of Texas. The association is made up of the descendants of Collin McKinney.

It is probably true that of all the men having a conspicious part in history of Texas as a part of Mexico, as a republic and as a member of the union of states, the least is known and said with accuracy of Collin McKinney. From the time that he came into Texas until the day of his death, he was a resident of that part of the state known as "North Texas." His ability as an engineer and surveyor is principally responsible for the approximately square shape of most of the tier of counties in that immediate part of Texas, and it is certain that no man in this section of the state wielded as strong an influence, or contributed in such large measure of his energy and ability to the laying of the foundation upon which this great state and its institutions rests, as did Collin McKinney.

McKinney's father, who had come to this country from Scotland, the place of his birth, was a member of the famous Boston "Tea Party," the first organized opposition manifested toward the policy of the mother country, England, in the American colonies and which culminated in the revolution—and freedom.

The elder McKinney was a resident of New Jersey when Collin McKinney was born on April, 17, 1766. From New Jersey, the McKinney family moved first to Virginia, and later, in 1780, moved to Kentucky, living in that state until 1824. It was in Kentucky that Collin McKinney grew to manhood, becoming one of the pioneers in the work of winning that wilderness for civilization. Lessons learned in fighting Indians in Kentucky were invaluable to him in the years afterwards in Texas.

On February 13, 1792, McKinney was married to Miss Annie Moore. Of the four children born to them, two, Ashley and Polly, grew to man and womanhood and have descendants now living in various parts of Texas and other states. Mrs. McKinney died on May 6, 1804. On April 14, 1805, McKinney was married the second time to Miss Betsy Coleman. To them were born six children, William C., Annie, Amy, Peggy, Elisa and Younger Scott, the latter being twins. Of the issue of his second marriage, Annie and Amy have no direct descendants living, as far as is known: In the memorial association membership is included the descendants of William C., Peggy, whose husband was Mr. Janes; Eliza whose husband was a Mr. Milam; Polly, whose husband was a Mr. McKinney; Ashley, and Younger Scott McKinney.

On September 15, 1824, with his family, Collin McKinney moved westward, locating first at what was believed to be a part of Texas, at a point six miles east of Texarkana. Later, in 1831, they moved into what is now Bowie county, Texas, remaining there until 1836, when they moved to a point near what is now the Collin-Grayson county line, which became their permanent home, and where McKinney died on September 8, 1861, at the age of 95 years, four months, twenty-one days.

In recognition of his services to Texas, the county of Collin and the city of McKiney are named.

Collin McKinney played a conspicuous part in the struggle for freedom for Texas. He was a member of the convention which dissolved the bonds existing between Texas and Mexico. He was a member of the provisional government organized in 1835. He was a signer of the Declaration of Independence of Texas, promulgated in 1836, and was one of the authors of the first constitution written for the state. He represented what was then Red River county in four congresses of the republic of Texas, and in local affairs in North Texas, his advice and counsel was frequently sought.

It was the rare distinction of Collin McKinney that during his life he was a citizen under eight seperate governments, England, the thirteen American colonies, Mexico, the provisional republic of Texas, the republic of Texas, the United States of America, and at the time of his death, the Confederate States of America.

It is in appreciation of his services to his state and his country, and of his conspicuous part in the building of the foundation upon which the present great commonwealth of Texas rests, that his descendants plan the erection of this memorial.

Trouble With the Cherokee Tribe.

In 1836 the 50,000 Texans then fighting for independence from Mexico were beset not only on the western and southern borders of the State, but as well on the northern and eastern borders. On the south and west they had to guard against Mexico enemies and on the north and east against Indians. The tribe from which they had most to fear was the Cherokee. The United States had forced these people, then half-civilized, to migrate to the country west of the Mississippi River, and a portion of the tribe under Chief Bowles had moved and built homes south of the Red River, and thence had spread across the headwaters of the Sabine River into Texas To keep them from taking sides with the Mexicans in 1836 was a grave task, and to accomplish it more was conceded in a treaty made with them in February, 1836, by Gen. Sam Houston and Col. John Forbes, than they were entitled to. These concessions were made under the impression that the Cherokees had secured grants from the Mexican government.

No such grants, however, had been made. But under the belief that they had been, Houston and Forbes agreed with the Cherokees that the boundaries of the territory claimed by them should be established. When Houston became President of the Republic of Texas he took measures to have this done, Col. Alexander Horton being instructed to survey and mark the lines. This was in 1838, and Horton's work was partly done when a great hullaballoo arose. Land speculators were at the bottom of the opposition. but joined with them were soldiers of the Republic who desired to locate bounty certificates in the section to be allotted to the Indians and citizens who believed that the Cherokees could not be relied on to keep faith with the government of the Republic ,and would take part with Mexico. Agitation of the matter continued during 1838 and until June, 1839. In his "Memoirs," Judge John H. Reagan says:

"During the month of June, 1839, Mr. Lacy, who was the Indian agent for the Cherokee tribe of Indians, then occupying the territory now known as Cherokee and Smith Counties, was the bearer of a communication to Chief Bowles from Mirabeau B. Lamar, who had been inaugurated President, December 10, 1838. That communication recited that in 1836 the Cherokees had assembled on the San Antonio road, east of the Neches River—when the people of Texas were flying to escape Gen. Santa Ana's invading army—for the purpose of attacking the Texans if Santa Ana should be successful; that the Cherokees had massacred a number of white people, and had stolen the horses of the Texas people. It further recited that in the previous February Gen Edward Burleson had capured some Mexicans and Cherokee Indians on the upper Colorado River on their way from Mexico to Chief Bowles, carrying to him a commission as colonel in the Mexican army, with instructions for his co-operation with a Mexican force which was to invade Texas the coming spring, and also taking with them powder and lead for Bowles. President Lamar said in his message that Texas could not permit such an enemy to live in the heart of the Republic, and that the Cherokees must go north of the Red River, peaceably if they would, by compulsion if they must. It was also stated in this message that the President had appointed six men with authority to value the immovable property of the Indians—not lands, but the improvements —and to pay them in money; and that they might take all their movable property with them in safety. I knew some of these commissioners; among them was Judge Noble, a most estimable man, then of Nacogdoches, but who afterwards lived in the city of Houston.

"It is proper for me to say that this statement as to the contents of the communication from President Lamar to Chief Bowles has been criticised. I understand however, that my account is sustained by documents in the archives of Texas. Be this as it may, the message read to Bowles was in substance as I have related. The Hon. W. G. W Jowers and I accompanied the agent, and Dr. Jowers has confirmed my statement of this case; and it is corroborated by those familiar with the times. The attitude of the Cherokees during the Mexican invasion of 1836 was common and current information with those dwelling in East Texas. The stealing of horses from the whites was admitted by Bowles at the conference, but he claimed that

the outrages were perpetrated by wild Indians who came through his territory. However, the practice of the Indians had been made clear by the massacre of the Killough and Williams families in 1837, in the Saline settlement. This stirred the whole Republic.

"But as to the interview itself. When we reached the residence of Bowles he hvited the agent, the interpreter, Jowers and myself to a fine spring near his house; where he and others seated themselves on a fallen tree. The President's message was then read and then interpreted by one Cordray, a half-breed Mexican. In the conversation which followed Bowles stated that he could not make a definite answer as to abandoning the country until he could consult his chiefs and—head men; so it was agreed that he might have time for such a consultation. If I remember correctly, about ten days was the limit set.

"At the expiration of the time, Dr. Jowers and I again accompanied Mr. Lacy and the interpreter to the residence of Bowles. In the conversation which ensued Bowles stated that his young men were for war, and that they believed they could whip the whites. He said all the council was for war except himself and Big Mush, one of his chiefs. He said he knew that in the end the whites could whip them, but, he added, 'It will cost you a bloody frontier war for ten years.' He also said that while he did not concur in the judgment of his tribe, he had led them many years since separating from the main tribe of the Cherokees, first in Lost Prairie, Ark., and afterwards at the Three Forks of the Trinity, the country now surrounding the city of Dallas. He said he had tried to hold that country for his tribe, but that other Indians claimed it as a common hunting ground and that in the course of three years they had killed about one-third of his warriors; that then with the consent of the Mexican authorities, he had settled near the Spanish fort at Nacogdoches. He no doubt had the consent of the Mexican authorities to settle there; but he did not thereby acquire the sovereignty of the soil; was simply a settler without title. He also declared that General Houston had confirmed their right to that country by treaty.

"There was this much foundation for the statement: The General Council of the Provisional Government of Texas had empowered General Houston and Colonel Forbes to treat with the Cherokees in order to keep them quiet and to prevent their co-operation with the Mexican army, and on February 22, 1836 they did agree to a treaty; but when it was laid before the convention which assembled March 1, 1836, for the purpose of framing a constitution for the Republic of Texas, the treaty was rejected. So that the Cherokees were still merely tenants at the will of the sovereign and without title.

"During this conference Chief Bowles told Mr. Lacy that he had been in correspondence for many years with John Ross, chief of the principal tribe of Cherokees with a view of uniting the two tribes and going to California, out of the reach of the white people, and offered to show the correspondence. But Mr. Lacy waived the production of it. Bowles asked time for his people to make and gather their crops, but was informed by Mr. Lacy that he had no authority to act outside of the letter of the President. Bowles said if he fought the whites would kill him; and if he refused to fight his own people would kill him. He added that to him personally t mattered little, that he was 83 years old, and by the laws of nature could live but little longer; but that he felt great interest in the future of his wives (he had three of them) and his children. His tribe, he said, had always been true to him, and though he differed with them in opinion, he would stand by them. The council ended with the understanding that war was to follow.

"These conferences produced a strong impression on.. my mind. The Texans were negotiating for time so that Gen. Edward Burleson's regiment of regulars and Landrum's regiment of Redlanders might come up. Bowles was seeking delay in order to enable the warriors coming from other tribes to reach the front. After the arrival of the regiments of Burleson and Landrum the question arose as to who should command the whole. The volunteers wanted Rusk, and the regulars wanted Burleson. These two officers refused to antagonize each other, and by common consent it was agreed that Kelsey H. Douglas, the commander of the militia of that part of the republic, should assume the responsibility.

"About sunrise on the morning of July 15, John Bowles, a son of Chief

Bowles, accompanied by Fox Field, a prominent halfbreed, rode into our camp under a flag of truce, and notified Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, the Secretary of War of the Republic, who was with us, that he was instructed by his father to report that they, the Cherokees would break camp that day and move west of the Neches River. General Johnston thanked him, observing that Chief Bowles had acted honorably in giving notice of his move, and requested him to say to his father that the Texans would accordingly give pursuit. Bowles and Fields were then escorted half a mile beyond our pickets.

"After the Texas forces had crossed the Neches, our officers sent forward some scouts with instructions to the effect that if they came up with the Indians they were to open fire at a long range, without exposing themselves too much, so as to keep the Texans advised of the position of the enemy. The Indians occupied the bed of a dry creek running from north to the south, and then turning to the east. Just above this bend there was a prairie bottom nearly half a mile long, to the east of that part of the creek running south, and commencing near the lower end of the prairie and extending north, parallel with the creek, was a thick growth of hackberry bushes and rattan vines, some three hundred yards long. When the firing of our scouts was heard. Burleson's regiment crossed the creek below the bend where it ran to the east, and moved forward to the rear of the line of Indians, who were posted in the creek above the bend. Rusk's regiment, to which I belonged, moved forward to opposite the lower end of the prairie just mentioned, and there wheeled to the right and in front of the line of the enemy. As David S. Kaufman and I, riding side by side, were making this turn, an Indian rose up, probably 80 yards off, and fired. Kaufman and I wheeled to the left and chased him until he jumped into the creek. We were then at the lower end of the rattan thicket. Instead of turning back, not knowing the length of the thicket, we headed our horses between it and the creek and ran the gauntlet of the fire of the Indians at short range the whole length of it but neither of us was injured. Just as we were turning the head of the thicket Dr. Rogers of Nacogdoches approached—he belonged to Rusk's command—and was hit by three shots and killed. Others were coming on at the same time, among them Colonel Crane of Montgomery County, who stopped his horse near us.. I cried out to him, "Colonel, don't stop here!" At that moment a shot passed through both his arms and his body. He said to me, 'Call Robbins!' who I believe was his brother-in-law. .. Robbins came promptly and Colonel Crane rode by him for two or three rods, telling him what messages to bear to his family, and then fell from his horse, quite dead.

"In this engagement we lost six men and a few wounded. The Indian loss was much greater, and they retreated; we learned, however, that but a part of their warriors were engaged. We camped on the battleground, and the next day again encountered the enemy in full force near the Neches.

" Chief Bowles displayed great courage in these battles. In the second engagement he remained on the field on horseback, wearing a military hat, silk vest and handsome sword and sash which had been presented to him by President Houston. He was a magnificent picture of barbaric manhood and was very conspicuous during the whole attle, being the last to leave the field when the enemy retreated. His horse however, was now disabled, and he dismounted, after having been wounded himself. As he walked away he was shot in the back and he fell. Then, as he sat up with his face toward us, I started to him with a view to secure his surrender. At the same time my captain, with a pistol in his hand, ran toward him from further down the line. We reached him at the same time, and realizing what was imminent I called 'Captain, don't shoot!' But he fired, striking Bowles in the head and killing him instantly. I had been so impressed with the manlness and dignity of Chief Bowles in the consultations which preceded the war, and with his conspicuous bravery in battle, that I did not want to see him killed and would have saved his life if I could.

"Soon after this campaign I met a Mr. Bowles, a commission merchant of Shreveport, La., who told me he believed he and the chief were of the same family. He said that during the American Revolution a family named Bowles living in Georgia was massacred except one child, a very small boy, who

was taken into captivity. While Chief Bowles was somewhat tannel in color, he did not seem to be an Indian. He had neither the hair or the eyes of an Indian. His eyes were gray, his hair of a dirty sandy color; and his was an English head; but he did not speak the English language. At the time of his death, in spite of his great age he seemed strong and vigorous."

Good Old Times in Texas.

The following letter, written by John Eddy Allen of Los Angeles, California, recently appeared in the Dallas Semi-Weekly Farm News:

I have closely watched the wonderful development of all Texas during the last fifty years. That far back Dallas had one two-story house, a frame building, near the courthouse. In front of this prominent building stood a tall oak pole with a fork of two limbs at the top. Fastened in this fork was a bell with a rope attached that reached to the ground. At meal times this bell was rung to announce to the public that a good hot meal was on the table in the Crutchfield Hotel—all you could eat for 25c. I daresay those 25c meals were superior to any meal now served at any of the present great and expensive hotels of Dallas at top prices.

In those early days live stock, even hogs, ran at large on the prairies and stayed fat the year round without feed other than the wild native grasses, roots and nuts.

The very best level or hogwallow lands sold for 57c to $5 an acre. The cost to fence forty acres with rails, our only fencing, was more than the price of 160 acres of land. We had no railroads and barbed wire had not been invented. A barrel of salt was worth two or three barrels of flour. The market for our cotton, wool, beeves, etc., were the boat landings at Jefferson, Texas, and Shreveport, La.

But along those times the H. & T. C. Ry. started out of Houston, building by piecemeal to Denison, Texas. A great deal of Dallas County products went to Bryan, Texas, by ox and horse wagons, as the railroad stopped there quite a while. I was living in Bryan when the railroad got there. It, too, boasted a hotel with a big dinner bell. It was known as the Radford Hotel and was run by the father of J. M. Radford of Abilene, Texas.

In those days the grasshoppers came. They kept the sun completely hidden for several days and the only clouds that we saw were dense clouds of grasshoppers.

The native grass on the prairies was from knee high to up under one's arms and very thick, but the hoppers ate every leaf from the trees and much of the bark. Also all the corn, cotton and every vestige of vegetation there was to be seen. We had to fight them out of our houses and keep all doors and windows closed to keep them from eating our bedding and everything else in the house.

In those good old days of plenty—even of love, friendship and good neighbors—we had to gather our corn as soon as it got dry enough, or big gray rats would gather it for us, and if the big rats did not destroy it the prairie chickens would soon eat all of it. When our wheat fields got pretty and green in the winter time we had to fight the wild geese off or they would eat up the crop. Again when the wheat reached the dough stage just before ripening, we had to fight the birds off of it or do without biscuit, for they would leave none for us.

Yet with all these pests during those happy old pioneer days, we never became alarmed or worried in the least, for if we found ourselves with but one biscuit very likely our nearest neighbor, though five or ten miles away, would have two biscuits and would bring one of them to us. Out here now in Los Angeles, if I happen to get two biscuits at one time I hold one in my hands and put my feet on the other one to keep from losing them both.

At San Augustine, in 1828, Rev. Summer Bacon, a Cumberland Presbyterian minister, delivered one of the first Protestant sermons heard in Texas.

We would like to receive reminiscent sketches from all of the Texas pioneers. Write your sketch in your own way, giving your experience on the frontier.

Legend of the Haunted Spring.

By Taylor Thompson.

Taylor Thompson, now deceased, was a well known printer, newspaper man, ranger, and Confederate soldier. His series of articles, dealing with his experiences on the frontier, which will appear in this Magazine, will be found very interesting.

"Come with me to the haunted stream,
In the forest far away,
When the moonlight dips in silvery beam
And the elphin fairies play,
And there near the water glancing bright
Beneath the moon so cold,
I'll sing to thee of a gallant knight
And a fair queen of old."

I suppose there is more or less superstition in the composition of every human being. The average man will not admit that he is superstitious and is wont to hoot at the idea of ghosts and supernatural agencies, but my observation leads me to believe that nearly everyone is somewhat tinctured with superstitution, whether they are willing to admit the fact or not. About thirty miles above Eagle Pass, on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande, there used to be and I suppose there is yet, a bold spring of water which came forth from beneath a low ledge of rocks, and the small rivulet formed by this spring flowed down a narrow and beautiful valley until its waters were mingled with those of the Bravo del Norte, about half a mile away. In this little valley the grass was green and luxuriant, the wild flowers peculiar to that region abounded and the various shrubs and chapparal indigenous to that section grew luxuriantly, while on each side of the valley the soil was arid and usually had a parched appearance, where neither flowers nor grass were to be seen. There was a Mexican settlement, consisting of perhaps eight or ten habitations, about two miles above the spring, and it was said that this settlement was a very old one. A few yards below the spring there were two graves, with a rude wooden cross at the head of each, while each grave was covered with small rocks, which apparently had been placed there at different times. I have read of a custom in Mexico that wherever there is a grave by the side of a public road or highway it is marked with a cross and that every traveler who passes the grave throws a small rock or pebble onto the graves, in accordance with this old custom. When I last saw these two graves they were not entirely covered with stones and among the rocks which were there wild flowers sprung luxuriantly.

On one occasion, with a small detachment of rangers, I camped on the Texas side of the Rio Grande opposite the Mexican settlement referred to, two miles above the spring. All the men composing my detachment were Mexicans except myself and several of them were well acquainted with the people living in the settlement on the other side. There was a dance at one of the houses in this settlement the night we camped there and and one of the men living there came over and invited us to the dance. Five or six of us accepted the invitation and were ferried across the river about sundown in a skiff. There were fifteen or twenty dames and damsels at the dance, several of whom I found quite intelligent, and one of these dames in an interval between the dances related to me the legend of the "Haunted Spring," for by that name was known the spring before referred to, two miles below, and the senora also told me the history of the two graves near the spring. According to this legend, about fifty years before the time of which I write hostile Indians made a raid on the settlement near Piedras Negras, opposite Eagle Pass, and besides killing a number of people, carried off several female captives, among these being one beautiful senorita about 18 years of age. The Indians were followed by a party of Mexican citizens who were led by the affianced lover of the senorita mentioned. The Indians were overtaken at the haunted spring and a hot fight ensued, in which the leader of the Mexicans, Juan Morales by name, was killed. The Indians were routed, but before they fled the young lady captive was slain by one of the Indians, and the two lovers were buried side by side near the spring, while the party of Mexicans continued the pursuit of the Indians, who still had in their possession several female captives, most of whom were eventually rescued. The lady who related the legend to me said that at every full of the moon, at midnight,

the spring stopped running and no water flowed from it for twenty-four hours or until the following midnight, She said that during the time the water ceased to flow the two graves were always wet, though the ground immediately around them remained dry and that flowers always grew upon the graves winter and summer. She said it was the common belief that the reason the water ceased to flow from the spring was that the spirits of the two lovers utilized the water once a month to water their lowly resting places; but whatever the cause, she said the water from the spring ceased to flow at midnight on the night when the moon was at its full. I presume the lady noticed the look of incredulity on my countenance when the story was finished, for she added that it had long been the custom for some of the more piously inclined to repair to the spring the night that the moon is full and there offer up prayers for the repose of the souls of the two lovers who were buried there. She added that the moon would be full tomorrow night, and that a party of them were going to the spring and she invited me to accompany the party. The following afternoon I and four companions crossed the river and rode down to the spring, where we found twenty or more people assembled. The water was flowing from the spring as usual when the sun went down that evening. Eight or ten people, including myself and two of my compaions, repaired to the spring about 11 o'clock and took seats on some rocks placed there for that purpose. About an hour later or, in the language of Shakespeare, about "the witching hour of night, when church yards yawn and graves give up their dead," the water from the spring ceased to flow. About half an hour later the rest of the party retired to where they had gone into camp and went to sleep. My curiosity was excited and I continued to sit by the spring until daylight, but no water flowed from it. The next morning the people living in the settlement above returned home. I was in no hurry to move with my detachment and that afternoon we crossed the river, filled our canteens at the river and camped near the spring. I was curious to examine the graves and found the ground there was damp, while the flowers on the graves were fresh and fra- the earth on top of one of the graves and grant. With a butcher knife I dug into found the earth moist and damp five or six inches deep. That night, with several companions, I again took my position near the spring and about midnight the water began to flow again and the next morning the stream from the spring was running as usual. Then I recalled the lines which I have quoted above and remembered the enchanted well of St. Kene, in Cornwall, on the waters of which St. Kene is said to have laid a spell before the angels summoned her and of which some old poet wrote:

"If the husband of this gifted well
Shall drink before his wife,
A happy man thenceforth is he,
For he shall be master for life;
But if the wife drink first,
God help the husband then."

Six or eight months later I was in that same neighborhood again, having followed a band of Indians some distance to the north, abandoned the trail and stopped there to rest and recuperate our horses. The moon was nearly at its full, for that was the time the Indians used to select for their raids. I crossed over the river to the settlement above the Haunted spring and called on the good senora who had told me the legend. I told her I was curious to visit the old spring again. A party of us did so on the night the moon was full and I again saw the waters cease to flow at midnight, again the following midnight I saw them begin to flow again.

There are numerous streams in Southwest Texas, the waters of which sink, leaving the bed of the stream dry for several miles below, when the waters again rise in the bed of the stream and flow on as usual. I also have known several springs which "went dry" at intervals and then suddenly began to flow again without any apparent cause, but the Haunted spring is the only one I ever heard of where the flow of waters ceased for twenty-four hours, as this one is said to have done for so many years and as I know they did on two occasions. I do not believe in supernatural agencies and the cause of this phenomenon I leave to scientific men.

Send in Your Sketch.

We would like to receive reminiscent sketches from all of the Texas pioneers. Write your sketch in your own way, giving your experience on the frontier.

The Trail of Blood Along the Texas Border

By John Warren Hunter.

This series of Frontier Stories was written several years ago by John Warren Hunter, now deceased. One article of the series will appear each month in Frontier Times.

One of the most atrocious murders ever committed on the frontier was the slaughter of the Russell family at their home on Martin's Prairie, Wise county, in August, 1868. Mrs. Polly Russell was a widow with four children. The youngest was a boy of ten years, the next a boy 17, third Martha Russell, a beautiful girl in her teens, and lastly, Bean Russell, a young man On the day of this shocking tragedy, Mrs. Russell was helplessly surrounded by her three youngest children. On Sandy Creek, some miles distant, the government was operating a saw mill where lumber was being furnished for the building of the post at Fort Richardson, and at this saw mill Bean Russell was working. Although the ever present danger of Indian attack was realized and guarded against in all possible ways, yet this family must earn its living from the soil and must perforce remain upon the exposed farm to achieve that worthy purpose, meanwhile trusting a kindly Providence for safety and protection.

Situated a short distance from Mrs. Russell's house was a large cane patch, and in this patch, at some hour in the forenoon, probably before daylight in the morning, a large party of Indians had found concealment. Later investigation of the many signs left in the patch revealed such quantities of chewed cane as to lead to the conclusion that the savages had spied on the premises for many hours before they made the attack. Imagine these cowardly, blood-thirsty demons leering forth from their coverts, ready to spring upon the defenseless mother and helpless children at the first instant of assurance that no man was on the place to frustrate their fiendish design. Evidently as they moved about through the tall cane they were discovered, but as not one of the family survived to tell the story we have to rely upon the signs left to draw a conclusion as to the brave defense made by the young hero, 17-year-old Harvey Russell. The number of exploded shells lying around the yard and in front of the cabin door—mute witnesses of the loftiest courage—gave evidence of a desperate struggle in defense of mother and home. In those days cartridges were of priceless value to the frontiersman and each man knew exactly the number he had in store. Bean knew to a certainty the number his brother had that fatal morning when he kissed his mother goodbye and hastened up the valley to engage in his daily toil at the saw mill. A count of these cartridge shells found in the yard tallied exactly with the number of cartridges the boy was known to have possessed and proved that his winchester continued to flame until the last cartridge had been fired. But the boy's brave stand was of no further avail, for anon the painted savages were swarming about the house and yard with hideous yells and barbaric impetuosity.

The hellish work was now begun. Just who fell first or which was the last to fall at the house will never be known. The home was looted and every article of furniture was wrecked. The window panes and frames were smashed, the feather beds ripped open and their contents thrown to the winds, and all articles of clothing carried off.

No pen, no language, can depict the horror of the scene that met the gaze of the faithful toiling son and brother, Bean Russell when he returned from his day's labor that evening at sundown. Jimmie Russell, his little brother, lay dead and mangled in the yard. Across the threshhold of the cabin door lay the mother in pools of her own blood. Blood everywhere, and small footprints of crimson, made by the little boy, covered the floor. In vain he called for Harvey and the sister but no response came, and with grief unspeakable he closed the door on the desolate, wrecked and ruined home and hastened towards the saw mill. At dawn the following morning he returned with a party of men to bury the dead. Further search revealed the body of Harvey Russell under the wreckage in the cabin home, but the sister was nowhere to be found.

During the following day the young man was crazed with the one burning, consuming desire—to find his sister, all

the while being oppressed with a certain sense of apprehenson that she had been murdered and left in the wilderness to be devoured by wolves. With a party of men from Decatur who had rallied to his aid he took the trail and followed the Indians. Reaching a point about three miles from home they came upon all that was mortal of poor Martha Russell; a ghastly remnent of the beautiful girl just budding into a joyous womanhood. Wild beasts had torn the flesh from the disjointed frame and near at hand lay the bonnet which the girl had worn at the time of her capture. Evidently the Indians had accomplished their most fienish purpose, following which they had murdered the girl, thus closing one of the saddest dramas of life.

Having accomplished their bloody work at the Russell home, the Indians departed going in an easterly direction toward the home of Dick Couch, a settler who lived a few miles away. Dick Couch, Jr., a small lad, had been sent on an errand to a neighbor's and was returning home when the Indians discovered him and gave pursuit. The little boy was hard pressed but out-ran his pursuers. As he neared the house one of the Indians, supposedly the chief, crowded him so closely that the lad barely avoided the savage's grasp by running under a wagon that stood near the gate, and so bent was the Indian on capturing him that his horse ran up against the wagon with great force whict caused the Indian to give expression to a series of grunts and howls. Dick Couch, the boy's father, was known as the best shot on the border. With his trusty rifle he stood in his yard and witnessed his son's race for life. He only waited for the chief to reach down and seize the boy and then his winchester would have spoken and there would have been wailing in some distant tepee. The Indian was so intent on the boy's capture that he seemed not to have discovered the frontiersman until he had taken up so suddenly against the wagon, after which he lost no time in getting beyond the reach of that gun. Mr. Couch could have killed him easily, but prudence bade him withhold his fire. He was in the presence of a large body of yelling savages and he had only a few cartridges, and these he held in reserve to be used in case the Indians made a direct assault upon his home.

After a few efforts to frighten and intimidate the Couch household, which proved futile, the Indians left, still purcuing their course in an easterly direction. On Upper Catlett Creek they halted at J. D. White's field where they destroyed a large quantity of corn and melons. From this point they went on into Denton county from whence, after rounding up a large number of horses, they returned to their safe retreat in the Indian territory.

About Prehistoric America.

A "spear thrower" or "throwing stick," found among the implements of the prehistoric people of America in caves in the Ozark Mountains in Missouri and Arkansas may be an important aid in lifting the mystery which enshrouds the ancient cultures of the American continents. The throwing stick is the only article so far unearthed which furnishes any connection between these people and others which have existed on this continent. The weapon is extremely simple, consisting of a round or flat stick one or two inches in diameter and about 18 inches long, notched at one end and perforated at the other, with sometimes one, sometimes two holes. Into these holes the prehistoric man thrust his fingers, affixed his short shafted stone-headed dart to the notched end, and by means of a quick, jerking movement of the arm hurled the dart at enemy or game.

Close adaptations of the weapon are found among the ruins of prehistoric American civilization extending from Peru far north beyond the Arctic Circle. The weapon seems to have been universal to all climes of the Western Hemisphere and to all periods, even down to the present day, when it is still in use among the Esquimos of the Arctic, and the Tarascan Indians in the Patzcuaro Lake region of Mexico. It furnishes a possible missing link between the prehistoric civilization of the western half of the continent and those of the extreme east.

We are glad to receive reminiscent sketches from old frontiersmen, and would urge that every old pioneer send in his recollections of the stirring that supply the missing links of frontier history. Write in your own style and give dates as accurately as possible, and if we find it necessary we will cheerfully correct all gramatical errors. Send in your history.

Legend of the Old Spanish Mine.

Henry C. Fulcher in Austin American.

Within less than a year a green field of corn will wave over the ruins of a fabled old Spanish mine—the Mecca of many treasure seeking expeditions, and the basis for innumerable legends of this country. What is left of the old shaft will be filled with earth, and will become except in the memories of a few of Williamson county's oldest citizens just a part of another corn field.

It seems that there must be some basis for the many legends, both old and modern, that have been handed down in verbal and written form since the time when early Franciscan monks strung their missions along the rivers of Texas. The most authentic of these legends is from an ancient Spanish document, according to which a pack train of burros carrying "forty jackloads of silver" was pursued by a band of Comanche Indians and in order to prevent the precious metal from falling into the hands of their antagonists, the men in charge of the pack train buried the silver near where the town of Leander is now located. The pack train, according to the legend, secured its load of silver from a great mine in the neighborhood of Fort Croghan, where the present town of Burnet is situated.

Another legend is that the silver mine was located near Leander; in fact was at the very shaft which is to be filled up in a very short time. Another legend says that the buried treasure near Leander was the altar devices of a Spanish mission which were carried off when the mission was captured by the Indians. The monks, according to the story, buried all the silver devices near Leander to keep it from the hands of their enemies, and allow them a better chance of escape. They were all captured and killed except one, the legends recounts.

Just what part, if any of these legends are correct, is not known—but it is a fact that on the Davis farm near here is a shaft more than 100 feet deep, and measuring 17 by 17 feet. Who dug this shaft, how it came to be there, and for what purpose it was sunk, is a mystery.

Perhaps the most complete excavation of the shaft was made about 40 years ago, when the place was owned by R. L. Dorroh of Leander who still remembers the circumstances of the strange expedition. Although Mr. Dorroh is now 78 years old, and has lived in Williamson county for many years, he remembers nothing about the original sinking of the shaft.

Describing the expedition which completely excavated the mine, Mr. Dorroh declares that they were a strange set—that although members of the party made known their purpose in digging in the old shaft, they never revealed anything of importance concerning their discoveries. The party was accompanied by an aged Mexican, who declared that he was with those who sunk the mine, and knew the location of the shaft. Just before reaching Leander the Mexican died, but pointed out on his death bed that the members of the party were then within sight of the treasure. He never revealed anything else, and was buried on the Davis farm. What is said to be his grave can be seen today, marked only by a blazed tree stump.

The party came on to Mr. Dorroh's place, and asked permission to dig in the shaft, which was granted. A gang went to work, and kept up the excavation for several months, but, according to Mr. Dorroh, the only thing tangible which he knows was found was an old Spanish axe—very heavy and very dull.

When excavation was started in the hole, it was discovered, after the walls of the new shaft had caved in several times, that the original shaft had been sunk 17 feet broad, through almost solid rock. The excavators then followed the lines of the old shaft, going down to a depth of about 75 feet. Here an apparent bottom was struck, and two tunnels, each approximately 100 yards in length, were discovered. These tunnels were about the height of a man, and ran straight back from the main shaft on each side. The party finally left apparently without finding anything, and the old shaft has gradually filled up until it is hardly noticeable.

So far as Mr. Dorroh knows, that practically ends the story. No one seems to know why the shaft is there, from whence came the legends of the Spanish treasure, or the reason for the sinking of a shaft 17 feet broad through almost

solid rock, or the digging of the two lateral tunnels for 100 yards.

And soon, the old shaft will be completely filled in, and like the rest of the field in which it is located, grow green corn The mystery of its origin will continue a mystery; the treasure that it held will continue lost—for apparently in the little grave on the Davis farm, lies buried away the secret of the Spanish mine or treasure which more than a century ago was hidden by a small band of battle-pressed monks.

Perhaps some day the treasure will be found, and the mystery solved. More likely it will always remain in that safe hiding ..place selected by its owners, a place that after the death of the little Spanish band, no one has ever retrieved the lost fortune. Skeptics say that there was never any treasure—but how can the shaft through solid rock be accounted for, how can you explain the old Spanish axe, and the many legends of its existence? Any how who will believe a skeptic when "forty jackloads of silver" are buried somewhere under the fields and hills of Williamson county?

George L. Harris Recalls Early Days.

Harry Moses in Fort Worth Star-Telegram

George L. Harris was born Aug. 2, 1844, seven miles southwest of Duval's Bluff in Monroe county, Ark. In 1849 he came with his family to Shelby county, Texas, en route to join a wagon train to California which had started from a point several hundred miles to the north. When word was received that everyone in the train had been massacred by Indians west of Fort Scott, Kan., the Harris family decided to remain in Texas.

From Shelby County the family moved to Ellis County, and later to Tarrant County.

When the home on Village Creek was sold Harris moved with the cattle and mules to a ranch 12 miles southwest of Fort Belknap. The mother and small children were left at Fort Worth as the senior Harris did not wish to expose them to danger at the hands of the Indians. G. L. Harris stayed on the ranch until the winter of 1860 when he returned to Fort Worth.

Mr. Harris joined a regiment commanded by Pete Ross, a brother of Sul Ross, and did not return to his old haunts until June 25, 1865 when the war had ended. He is a member of R. E. Lee Camp, United States Confederate Veterans.

"I joined the outfit of Pete Ross; who came from Waco with some men at the beginning of the Civil War," Harris related. "Ross was collecting men at Dallas from Denton, Kaufman, Ellis, Tarrant and other counties to the Sixth Texas Cavalry. I joined in time to vote for him as colonel. It was June 6, 1861 that I joined.

"I got to Arkansas and was turned back at Little Rock on account of my youth. Several of us who were just boys were given passes to go back. We didn't want to and turned up in Cabell's Brigade in time to get into the Jenkin's Ferry fight. Then I got into Dick Gano's Brigade.. He was a Kentucky man, a nephew of John Morgan, and died 10 or 12 years ago. I was in the fight at Pine Bluff, Duval's Bluff and was up in Kansas a while. At Lone Jack, Mo. I had a horse killed under me while I was in Captain Moffett's company.

"At the close of the war I was in Houston with Baylor, the man who killed General Wharton in his own office. Wharton had drawn a sword on Baylor and got shot for it. A bunch was sent to arrest Baylor. When they started off with him about 500 of us turned out and announced that Baylor wasn't going to to be arrested. We were too strong for argument and Baylor went West. He was never tried, and never could have been as long as his own men were about him.

"I was always a buck private in the front rank and never held an office in my life. The nearest I ever came to having an office was one time when I almost got to be overseer of a road. I didn't want that job.

"I never was shot but once in my life, although I was shot at a plenty. It was about 30 miles the other side of San Angelo when I was a Ranger under Captain Ratliff.

" I was riding along when all of a sudden a Mexican rose up and shot me

in the right leg. I was up and on my horse in a few days and rode with my coat under the leg until it got well.

"I was in a hurry to get into some fighting that was on the docket and did not want the rest of the outfit to kill all of the Mexicans before I got there. It happened in 1868.

"I joined Captain Ratliff's outfit at San Aneglo. The first 10 months took me up and down the border close to El Paso, to Deming and Silver City and on the Brazos, Wichita and Colorado rivers. I was transferred to Captain Baylor's outfit and then back to Ratliff's. I joined in 1865 and was discharged finally at San Angelo.

"When we were nearly off the map on some trip and an army wagon train came by we took off of it whatever we wanted in the way of food and amunition. The trains couldn't get anywhere unless the Indians were kept off and as that was our job then, we could get whatever we wanted. We were furnished all the ammunition we wanted to shoot.

"At Big Spring, about 1869, some Indians came down and drove off 300 or 400 head of big-footed Northern horses that a colonel and his outfit had there. He sent a man to Sweetwater to get word to San Antonio that he needed some help and some horses. About that time Captain Ratliff with 28 Rangers came along and we got back all the horses.

Ratliff went to the colonel and told him that if he couldn't take care of himself he had better get back to the white settlements. He called the colonel an old fool.

"Some of the army outfits were too slow in getting started to do any good against the Indians. You had to be quick and alive to get them. Most of the army commands were splendid against the Indians and the Rangers and the army officers got along well together in co-operating in fighting Indians.

"Some of the officers were green at fighting and didn't know any more about the frontier life than a hog does about a side saddle. Old General Miles lost a couple of dozen wagons once at Abilene when some of his men took off and left him. Some soldiers had to go out and get the wagons and take them to Colorado Post."

"I never knew of but two Comanches being captured alive during the long years they were raiding. One of them was a child and the other was one whose easy capture I witnessed. On the other hand I have seen them fight with the utmost heroism to the last ditch when all odds were against them and die rather than suffer capture. The Comanches were as brave a race as ever trod the soil or straddled a horse. They would rise from the death agony of a mortal wound to take one last shot or pass with a knife.

"It was in 1858 while I was on my father's ranch 12 miles southwest of old Fort Belknap on the Clear Fork of the Brazos that I witnessed the capture of a grown Indian. I was spending the night at the Harmason ranch a few miles away. During the early part of the evening the dogs bayed something in a little tree a short distance from the house. We took lights and went to envestigate, thinking the dogs had a coon. We didn't know it was an Indian until the light spotted him crouched on a limb a few feet higher than our heads.

"He had become separated in some manner from his party, had lost his horse and nearly starved to death. He saw the light at the Harmson ranch and was making for the house when the dogs, who never did have much use for an Indian when their master was white, ran him into the tree. I don't guess we would ever have made his acquaintance if he hadn't been so hungry.

"We took him into the house, fed him, and then tied him so he couldn't get way. We didn't give him much to eat because we were afraid of killing him, he was so poor. Every once in a while he would make a noise and indicate he wanted more to eat by smacking his lips.

"The next day we turned him over to the soldiers. They let him eat his fill and he died.

"I was in a number of Indian fights. One of the first ones I got into was while I was on the ranch southwest of Fort Belknap in the Spring of 1860. A bunch of Comanches, who had been raiding in Palo Pinto county, came across the Clear Fork of the Brazos near the ranch and seeing our horses, made off with them. All the ranch hands, including myself, shut themselves up in the corral and watched the Indians. They circled around us several times at a distance of about 300 yards and then departed.

"I set out to get help from the neighboring ranches. The Harmason ranch who had about 15 men and the Duff ranch, where Oil City is now located, had

10 or 12 men. Captain Buck Barry of the Rangers, who later lived near Graham, was camped not far from the ranch with 30 Rangers under his commnd.

"We took in after the Indians and after a chase of one and a half days caught them at the head of the North Prong of Big Elm, between 75 and 80 miles from the ranch. We tied into them like they were a bunch of prairie chickens. Jack Harmason and France Peveler were in the gang with us. The Indians numbered about 150 men and there were 125 of us. We got our horses back.

"I was signed up with Capt. Arch Ratliff, but I didn't take care what outfit I went with. One was about as good as the other. When the Rangers started off anywhere there they picked up as many men around us as could go. We made it mighty hard for the Indians to stay in any one place very long. It was every white man's business when it was the business of one.

"The Indians were as thick as grasshoppers and were all over the country in the light of the moon. They were about the only neighbors we had except the buffaloes.

"All of the men within a 50-mile radius were signed up with the Rangers as 'minute men' and were ready to drop whatever they were doing when the call or aid came. There were not enough men on any one ranch to fight raiders and it was only by co-operation that the forays of the Comanches could be dealt with.

"In the fall of the same year I witnessed another fight on Rock Creek in Young county in which Charly Reeves was killed. In the fall of 1869 I was at old Fort Davis in Shackleford county when two men were killed. In the winter of 1860 a good fight came off at the head of Cedar Creek. Two rangers and seven cowboys killed one Indians and recovered 30 head of horses which had been stolen rom Chester ranch at Carter's crossing and from the Duff ranch near where my father was.

"It was a sight to see an old-time stage leave one of the stations. As often as part of the mules that were hitched were as wild as a prairie flower and about as gentle as a wildcat with the toothache. The wild mules would be thrown in with several gentle ones to make two or three spans.

Then the lines would be slipped and the stage with the passengers inside holding on for dear life would leave in a cloud of dust with the wild mules kicking, pitching and running like the devil. Speed was what they wanted and they sure got it at times. The stage would roll out pitching like a log in a whirlpool during a rise, the drivers would be throwing the whip to the mules and pouring it on. Mules were used on the West Texas lines because no self-respecting Comanche would ride on one of the darn things and the teams could be turned loose during the night without fear of the Indians running off with them. The mules were bought in bunches of 100 or more at $8 and $10 a head.

"In those days the mail came from Dallas to Fort Worth. A man named Frank Adams had the contract. The mail was brought over by two men in a hack. Mail going west connected with the California stage line at Fort Worth. The mail came from Schreveport to California through Fort Worth. It took four weeks for a letter to get to the Pacific coast. West of Fort Belknap the stage line was guarded by detachments working to the Colorado River. It took about 100 men to guard this line."

Indian's Grave Holds Rare Articles.

W. F. Kellis, editor of the Sterling City Record, and his brother Tom, recently explored the region of seven Indian graves on one hilltop and dug into in a cave, between two strata of rock in a canyon on the Concho river. They first noticed rocks carefully placed and then began taking them down. After sufficient number of rocks were removed they found the entire skeleton of an Indian and in his tomb were four brass finger rings, four ankle rings, one nose ring, his head was encased in a mantel of beads—gems, of rare value, saphire opal, emeralds and gold. On his head sat a silver cup in the shape of a goblet. On one side was written in small type "T. Warner." On the other side in script these words were written: "For the Best Carlisle Colt, 1830." It showed this cup had been made in England and how he came in possession of it is a mystery. A crouching bear, cut from rock—token of a Comanche chief—was buried with him. It showed the skill of a master workman. A bullet was found at the base of his skull. Mr. Kellis is still in possession of many of these relics and has them at his home in Sterling City.

The Tragedy of Legion Valley.

By John Warren Hunter.

With probably one or two exceptions no county in all the great Trans-Colorado region suffered more at the hands of savage Indians during the early periods of its history than Llano. From the date of its earliest settlement, in the 50's, up to the 70's her citizens maintained existence only by unceasing vigilance, and it may be truthfully said that the trail of blood was traceable wherever the pioneer dared to erect his unpretentious cabin. An account of all the atrocities committed by the Comanches in Llano county would fill a large volume and that such a work has not been written and given to the world is a matter of regret on the part of those who would preserve a record of the heroic men and women who subdued the wilderness west of the Colorado, and with Spartan fortitude, transformed a howling waste into a land of peace and smiling plenty.

February 6th and 7th, 1868, were the darkest and saddest days that ever dawned upon Legion Valley, a pretty vale some sixteen miles from the town of Llano. At that date only a few families lived in the little valley among whom were Frank Johnson, John S. Friend, Jack Bradford, Mrs. Caudle and one or two others, whose names have escaped my memory. On the 4th a heavy rain fell, which was followed by extreme cold, and on the morning of the 6th a heavy snow covered the earth.

The Indians had not been in the country for several weeks and no one dreamed of their swooping down upon the little settlement at a time when the whole country was locked in the frigid grasp of the ice demon. This state of affairs and the line of reasoning suggested threw the setttlers entirely off their guard, and this relaxation of their usual watchfulness resulted in one of the most inhuman butcheries that ever marked the trail of blood along the Texas borders.

On the 6th of February, Mrs. Boyd Johnson and child, Mrs. Frank (Babe) Johnson and child and Miss Townsend spent the day at the home of Mr. Friend. The men, Messrs. Frank, and Boyd Johnson and Mr. Friend, not apprehending any danger from Indians, had gone away from home leaving the women and children virtually without protection. These brave men must not be censured for this seeming neglect, since it is well known among all frontiersmen that the Comanches seldom attack a house where there was least show of resistance and when an atttack was made it was when the Indians knew that the inmates was powerless to defend themselves, and had the ladies, gathered on that fatal day at the Friend home preserved their presence of mind, closed the doors and remained cool, quiet self-possessed, the tragedy of Legion Valley would never have occurred.

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon and while the children were "snow balling" in the yard, one of the little girls saw a body of horsemen approaching, which proved to be a body of Indians, who were then about one hundred yards from the house and were moving as if to pass around the premises. The children raised the shout of alarm and fled screaming into the house. The Mesdames Johnson at the same time rushed into the yard to assist some of the smaller children in their flight, and when they were safely within doors, all the women, save Mrs. Friend, were if anything worse panic-stricken than the children and were almost crazed with fright.

During this time the Indians had drawn nearer the house, sufficiently close to ascertain that there were no men on the place, and the screams of the frightened women told too plainly that no opposition could be offered from that quarter. Mrs. Friend had closed and latched the doors and hastened to secure a window which was in the rear end of the cabin. The Indians dismounted and while some were forcing the door, others were trying to effect an entrance through the rear window. The door gave way and as the Indians rushed in, Mrs. Friend raised her gun and attempted to shoot the Indian nearest her, but an arrow pierced her arm and the gun was wrenched from her hands. By this time the Indians had broke the shutter from its fastenings, were crawling in at the window. Siezing a flat iron, the nearest weapon at hand, the brave woman dealt an Indian a blow that sent him reeling to the floor. The Indian who had wrenched the gun from her hands, seeing his comrade fall at the hands of

this brave woman, raised the gun to shoot her, but, with a quick eye, observing the movement, she knocked him down with a chair before he could fire. An Indian near the doorway shot her in the breast with an arrow and she fell to the floor. A savage, with gleaming knife, rushed forward and, bending over her, siezed the knife, the keen blade almost severed her fingers as the Indian wrenched it from her frenzied grasp. At this juncture Mrs. Friend became unconscious, was scalped and left for dead.

There were twenty-two Indians in the bunch and they took from the house whatever suited their fancy and convenience. Just as the savages were leaving the house Mrs. Friend regained consciousness, and witnessed their departure with Mrs. Boy Johnson, Mrs. Frank Johnson, Miss Townsend, the little Caudle girl and Mrs. Friend—seven in all—as captives. From where she lay on the floor she could see the Indians through the open doorway; she also saw them force their captives to mount behind their captors. Each of the Johnson women had a young babe. These were carried away by the Indians, behind which the mothers were forced to ride. When all were mounted and apparently ready to set off, one of the Indians returned to the houseevidently for the purpose of ascertaining if Mrs. Johnson was really dead. Divining the object of his errand, the brave woman assumed the exact position she had occupied when they left the house. The Indian came in, siezed the arrow that had been shot into her breast, and wrenched it from side to side to see if she was alive. With a nerve and fortitude far beyond human comprehension this heroic pioneer lady bore the unutterable torture without moving a muscle or showing the least sign of life or sensibility. Satisfied that she was dead the inhuman savage left her, rejoining his comrades, all of whom left, going in a northwest course.

As the men were not expected home until that evening, Mrs. Friend decided to leave her house and seek relief at the home of her nearest neighbor, Jack Bradford, who lived a mile and a half away. She dragged her bleeding form from her now desolate home, and with superhuman effort, made her way to Bradford's. With snow she bathed her face, which was covered with blood from the terrible wound inflicted by the tearing away of her scalp, and the snow also served to staunch the flow of blood from her lacerated hand. It was dark when she fell exhausted at Bradford's door. With feeble utterance she told of the Indian attack on her home and of her awful experience, and begged Bradford to extract the arrow from her bosom. The poor man, frightened beyond expression, tried to remove the cruel shaft, but failed in the effort. With cloths he bandaged her hand and scalp wound, heaped wood in the fire place, placed the wounded lady on a pallet before the fire, set a bucket of water within her reach, gathered his own family and sought concealment in the nearest cedar brake.

Twenty-four hours after the attack on the Friend house, word of the tragic affair reached Llano, only sixteen miles distant! Every man who could possibly go hastened to the scene of the awful occurrence. A physician also went to the relief of Mrs. Friend. It was late at night when the men arrived and they had to wait until morning to see the trail which was thirty-six hours after the Indians had left. The next evening about five miles from the Friend home, Mrs. Boy Johnson's child was found with its brains beaten out. The morning following, Mrs. Babe Johnson baby was found with its throat cut from ear to ear. A few hours later, the men came upon the bodies of both of the Mrs. Johnson's, murdered, stripped and scalped.

In the afternoon of that same day, Miss Townsend's body was found. Her throat had been cut; she had been scalped and her body horribly mutilated.

The bodies of these victims of savage ferocity were tenderly borne away and given burial. The Indians made their escape as usual after committing such appalling atrocities. The little Caudle girl was held in captivity three or four years after which she was released by government agency and restored to her mother. Later she married a Mr. Benson and was a few years ago, a widow, living in Llano. I knew Mrs. Benson quite well, and am largely indebted to her for many of the facts herewith placed upon record. Relating her experience the first two days of her capture she says:

"It was late in the evening when the Indians started with us from Mrs. Friend's. It was cloudy and cold. There were two or three squaws with

the Indians and one of these took me up behind her and was very kind to me. She drew a blanket around me and I didn't suffer much from the cold. The first night we camped on the northwest side of a small mountain not a great way from the Friend place. We found shelter from the cold wind in a cedar brake where they kept up a good fire all night. My squaw slept with me and from that time on as long as I stayed with the Indians she was my adopted mother, and always treated me as her own child. The others did not fare so well. Just before we went into camp that first evening Mrs. Boy Johnson's baby began to cry for its mother, who was riding behind the Indan who was carrying the child in his arms. He choked the child to make it hush. Mrs. Johnson then tried to take her child away from the Indian and this seemed to exasperate him to the extent that he took the little one by the ankle and dashed its brains out against a tree. I can't begin to tell you of the shame and horrors Miss Townsend and Mrs. Johnson suffered at the hands of those savage brutes all that awful night. Yes; I was eleven years old and I remember how they suffered. They cried and prayed all the time and they knew they were going to be murdered.

Shortly after we left camp the next morning they took Mrs. Babe Johnson's baby and cut its throat and then held it up by the feet with its head down right before her, as if to see the blood flow. Mrs. Johnson screamed and f inted, at which they all laughed as if it were great sport. About noon they all halted and seemed undecided about something. At last they siezed the two women. I saw them draw their knives, but just then my squaw threw a blanket over my head. That same day they killed Miss Townsend, and hacked her body horribly."

Mrs. Friend recovered from her wounds and afterwards moved to Missouri. Her captive boy was finally restored to her. I last heard of her at Springfield, Mo.

A Tribute to Policarpo Rodriguez.

Written by Mrs. Adele B. Looscan.

There is pleasure in bringing to light hidden treasure, though of small intrinsic value. Few places of beauty are known in this age of going to and fro over the earth; but these few are to be found where iron rails have not cut through the mountain slopes, destroying the fair lines of the landscape, and the blue of the sky is undimmed by the smoke of factories. For those who shun the tourists' trail and seek sequestered places, there is ample reward.

In Western Texas, about sixty miles from San Antonio, resting in a beautiful valley is a Mexican hamlet, clustered near the foot of one of the highest peaks of a low chain of encircling mountains. Bandera Pass, a most picturesque gateway, admits entrance on one side through a road which winds in and out, up and down, before spreading into the happy valley. Once entered, one faces Polly's Peak which looms like the cone of a volcano in the hazy distance, and Polly's Village lies before you. The question arises, "Who is Polly and why is a peak and a village named in his honor?"

The answer is found in a story of Indian warfare, when bands of Apaches swooped down upon the frontier settlements, robbing, scalping and slaying. The soldiers of the Regular Army of the United States were utterly unable to cope with their skulking methods, aided as the Indians were by the familiar ranges of rugged mountains. It was only when guided by trusty Mexicans that they were able to discover their trail and follow them to their hiding places. On these occasions, Polly was a faithful leader, the fearless adventurer into dangerous haunts.

On one occasion the soldiers, with Polly as their guide, hotly pursued a band of Indians who raided a defenseless farm house, killing and scalping the members of the household, and driving off a number of horses. All day long they followed the trail, rested at night, with a carefully guarded camp, and set out early the next morning; still pursuing, and the trail becoming fresher, the game nearer, until, at sunset, they saw from an elevated point, the faint white smoke of an Indian camp fire.

Proceeding with careful steps, they halted until the moon arose and disclosing a wild scene, a camp fire at the foot of the mountains and near a little stream about thirty horses were grazing. A tall, comely young squaw was cooking the evening meal, two braves lay at full length on the ground, seeming to enjoy to the limit, their needed rest. All indicated a feeling of delightful security. The crackling of dry grass revealed the approach of the soldiers, and, with a quick glance, the Indians saw that they were helpless, at the mercy of some fifteen or twenty men.

The sharp crack of a soldier's rifle and one of the Indians, who had arisen, fell to the ground. With the quickness of a flash, the other one leveled his rifle at the squaw, lodging a telling ball in her breast, and in the next moment, plunged a knife into his own bosom. Astounded at the sight of the unforeseen tragedy, in which the soldiers were mere onlookers, two of them approached, and raising the swooning squaw, administered restoratives and staunched her wound. Polly, who understood the Apache dialect, questioned her as to how many had been in the foray upon the whites. Refusing, or unable to utter a word, she raised three fingers, and, when asked whence they had come, she tragically pointed to the North star, and the next moment expired.

All this had transpired so rapidly, that the body of soldiers could scarcely believe their eyes, as they looked upon the three Indians lying dead before them, the horses still quietly grazing, and the partially prepared supper smoking in the ashes. Strange it was, but true! Two men and one woman had accomplished in slaughter and robbery, such deeds of deviltry in the settlement, as had been accredited to a score; or at least, to a dozen warriors.

It was in such campaigns as this, though usually on a larger seale, that Polly won his reputation as a guide in the United States Army, and the early years of his life were spent in this service. When the frontier was extended, so that this region rarely became the scene of border warfare, Polly retired, and, strange circumstance, became a Methodist preacher. He settled near the base of the Peak which bears his name, married twice, became the head of a large family, and was useful in missionary work among his own race. Prominent among the houses of the village is Polly's own.. It is of white stone, with loop holes cut in the basement; in early times the entrance was through a postern gate into the basement, from which an inside stairway led to the living apartments. When the writer visited it about 1895, a broad staircase from the ground to the front piazza gave an air of hospitality to the some time semi-fortress. On one corner was carved Policarpo Rodriguez, with the date of erection.

As late as 1873, an occasional Indian raid was made into this region. Now, all is peace and contentment; small farms, belonging to Polly's descendants and other Mexican families, are dotted here and there near the small stream, which, trickling from a spring furnishes water for man and beast.

A Methodist church, neatly built, invites to Sunday service, and the praise of God sung by sweet voices, many of them trained in schools established years ago at points on the Rio Grande, makes vocal the serenity of Sabbath stillness.

Policarpo loved to entertain his visitors with tales of exciting adventure, while enjoying the quietude of his declining years. Music on the piano, rendered by his descendants, was a source of delight to him. Born at Zaragosa, Mexico, in 1829, he died at his home on Privilege Creek in 1914.

Polly's Peak transmits to posterity the abbreviated name of one, who played well his part in life,—first as soldier, scout and guide,—last as pastor of his flock.

Good Words

Dr. B. B. Beakley of Melvin, Texas, writes: "You will please find enclosed check for $3.00 for your magazine, one year to Dean T. H. Taylor, Howard Payne College, Brownwood, and one year to myself. I appreciate your great ideal in presenting to your readers a truthful account of the great deeds and sacrifices of our fore parents in such pleasant and forceful style. In this day of specializing we are neglecting to teach our children a due respect for their ancestors. No man or woman can build an enduring self-respect without due consideration of whence they came and where they will go. Your work is succeeding in cultivating and continuing such ideals".

Dutch Henry's Raid Near Fort Elliott.

W. E. Payne, in Houston Chronicle.

Texas, no doubt, is a great state. That she has the most unique and fascinating history of any state in this union all agree. That she has drawn to her bosom the best elements of citizenship is beyond contradiction. In her day and way the Lone Star State has developed almost every phase of character—good and bad—known to civilization. The inhabitants of Texas—aliens, denizens and natives—are justly proud of her poetic history and the cosmopolitan character of her citizenship.

There is one characteristic of the Texan, although native I am, which has ever occurred to me as somewhat remarkable, and not altogether worthy the indulgent consideration of the liberal intelligence of this state, that is the trend of our people to cherish the memory of the bold and desperate outlaw to the ignoring of our great and good men and women who have ever raised their voices and pens,together with the implements of industry, in the development or our resources.

However, such is the fact; and, even at this day, many, very many, of our people cherish the memory of such men as Bill Longley, John Wesley Hardin "Arkansas Clemens" and scores of others of that classs with a degree of seeming affection never bestowed upon the greatest characters that have graced our pulpits, done honor to the bar and bench, caused streams of revenue to set toward our state and made the desert to bloom as the gardens of Bendemere. Nor is this sentiment confined alone to our own people. Throughout the length and breadth of the Unitd States, untold thousands feel an abiding interest and cultivate a lingering affection for the old time desperado of the borderland of the Southwest.

In addition to this, hosts of very good people now domiciled in Texas look upon the typical desperado of a third of a century ago as being exclusively a Texas product. Nothing is further at variance with the truth. Every state along the frontier, from North Dakota to Texas, perhaps, has produced its harvest of outlaws and desperadoes.

Speaking somewhat advisedly, I may safely say that Arkansas has contributed her full share to the criminology of the Southwest. Among those characters may be named Cullen Baker, John Long and dozens of others who began their career in the fastnesses of the swamps of the Mississippi or the inscrutable retreats of the Ozarks, later to drift across the state line into Texas to terrorize its inhabitants, without let or hindrance, for many long years.

The hybrid population of the Indian Territory,, now the wonderful state of Oklahoma, has borne its full fruitage in the development of desperadoes like unto Dick Glass, Aaron Dog, Tandy Folsom, Cherokee John, the Dalton brothers and scores of other notoroius characters infesting every nook and corner of "Oklona," the red man's home.

Along the southwestern border of Kansas and the eastern boundary of New Mexico were others of the "bad man" type distinctly and exclusively peculiar to that region.

That other states had a long list of bad men "handy with the gun" and desperadoes of the most pronounced type I was fully convinced while at various Indian agencies in the Indian Territory in the early part of the decade of 70's. For the next five or six years it was no small part of my business to contend with the outlaws who first took origin under the fascinating instruction of "Red Legged Jim Lane" the quondam hero from the wide prairies of Bleeding Kansas. That there were innumbered hosts of border outlaws in the retreats of the Indian Territory who could carry away the palm from the Texas type. was a fact soon forced upon my recognition. The most striking difference to be remarked between the outlaw of Kansas and the desperado of Texas was that the Kansas outlaw was in that vocation for what he could gain by robbery and theft while the Texas desperado was largely a political offender, or was seeking revenge upon his personal foes.

In the early autumn of 1875 I had an encounter with Dutch Henry, which shows, in a small way, the type of men one had to contend with in those "blooming days." Dutch Henry was a notorious outlaw who had been suspected of many murders, countless robberies and untold midnight forages on the borders of Kansas and the Indian Territory for more than a dozen years. Time and

again he had been incarcerated in the jails by civil authorities. He had been driven from one retreat to another by the United States soldiers from the sundry military cantonments situated in the territory. But by sheer good luck or by clever contrivance he had invariably escaped without ever having been brought on trial for his manifold crimes. Some months before the time of which I speak he had escaped from the officers in Kansas and had been making things "hum" between Silver City N. M. and the exposed settlements of Kansas and the Indian Territory. Every one was in mortal dread of Dutch Henry and his followers.

During the spring and summer of that year I had been with a surveying corps in the Panhandle of Texas, locating land for the International and Great Northern Railroad in what are now the counties of Hemphill, Wheeler, Roberts, Hutchison, Randall and others lying between the Canadian River on the North and the Red River on the South. Having parted with the suveyors at Fort Sill, I remained at that beautiful and picturesque place for two or three weeks, when I returned to Bankhead's cantonment on Sweet Water, which was afterward designated as Fort Elliot, near the present town of Mobeetie.

Having some friends and associates at the cantonment and being regarded as an experienced scout I had little trouble in securing a situation. My first assignment was to conduct a party of tourists to the head of Wolf or North Canadian. The expedition was away from the cantonment about 10 or12 days. When I again reached that place I found letters awaiting me requiring my presence in East Texas. Hence I began to arrange matters to set out as soon as possible on that journey. The distance across the country from the cantonment to Fort Sill is 160 miles. At that day there was not a habitation, dwelling or settlement along the entire route. I had made the journey more than once alone, but, as the entire distance was covered with signs of marauding bands of Arapahoes, I hesitated before starting alone across that solitude. Just at that time I heard that an empty wagon train would leave Fort Elliot or the cantonment to go to Fort Sill within a short time. I lost no time in making terms with the wagons master to allow me to accompany the train to Fort Sill, agreeing to assist in guard duty as compensation for my board and protection.

The train left for Fort Sill early in the autumn. The United States wagon train comprised six eight-mule teams, each drawing two empty wagons, ten infantry soldiers as wagon guards, six teamsters, a wagon master and myself, There were my horse and the wagon master's, making in all 50 head of horses. The mules were in first class condition and as valuable teams as money could procure. Just as the first breeze of autumn swept the country, cooling the torrid rays of the summer sun, we departed for Fort Sill.

In that elevated, wind-kissed region the days were pleasant and the nights delightfully cool and invigorating. The water supply in Sweet Water Creek was abundant, cool and sparkling; the sky was as clear as the summit of the highest peak of the Rockies, and the wide ocean of buff.lo grass was tinged with the merest suspicion of autumn brown. No change was to be seen in landscape as we journeyed on. Everything was monotonous, but the wide expanse was strangely sublime.

Upon leaving the cantonment, buffalo hunters and post scouts had told us of the presence of large parties of Indians in the region of the North Fork of the Red River, but thus far we had seen little sign of the presence of "the noble red man." We had always been cautioned to "look out" for Dutch Henry and his band, as every indication pointed to his presence in t hat region.

On the third day out from the cantonment the wagonmaster called a halt for the noon hour on the west bank of Salvation Creek, about one mile above its confluence with the North Fork of Red River, 70 miles east of Fort Elliot and 90 miles west of Fort Sill.

On the west of the stream is a high bluff with a level crest perhaps 100 feet above the level of the low valley on the east side of the stream. The valley seemed to extend from the river many miles up the creek, all covered witha tall grass indiginous to that region, known as "cotton-top grass". At the distance of a mile up the stream its course abruptly changed from north to west, completely obscuring the valley above that place of view.

When a halt was called the wagonmaster ordered the teamsters to turn loose" all of the mules and instructed

one of the soldiers and myself to herd them in the valley on the east side of the stream, in order that the mules might graze during the rest. We drove the mules leisurely down to the ford of Salvation Creek, across that stream into the rank grass of the low valley. The grass was quite tall, perhaps four feet high. The river below us was perhaps 300 yards wide, a literal bed of quicksand, with perhaps a dozen small silvery streams threading their way through the meshes of quicksand and such obstructions as had found lodgement in the stream. Not a tree was visible as far as the eye could scan the horizon. The mules were soon scattered over the valley luxuriating themselves in the warm sunshine of early autumn.

While thus employed, and the preparation for dinner was going on at the camp, we little dreamed of the presence of a lurking foe or an attack headed by Dutch Henry. We had been in the valley nearly an hour and were contemplating a return to camp and the alluring enticements of dinner when around the bend of the creek, each man mounted on a powerful and swift horse, all hallooing, some shooting, others waving red blankets above their heads, six men charged with headstrong speed into the very midst of the drove of mules, now frantic with fright, sweeping the entire herd, with the soldier in the van, into the depths of the treacherous quicksand river. When the charge was made I was above the herd, standing by my horse. The horse, under the impulse of fear, was rearing and plunging, making frantic efforts to escape with the herd. I succeeded in holding him, having never an opportunity to fire at the raiders.

When the mules reached the river they made a wild plunge into the water, hotly followed by Henry and his band, hooting, yelling waving red blankets and shooting over the heads of the fleeing herd. Floundering the mire, rising, sinking and rising again the herd finally reached the south bank of the river, closely pursued by its captors. Upon reaching terra firma the captors quickly fired the curly mesquite, or buffalo grass on the south side of the river and drove the teams away ahead of the flames.

When the soldier was forced into the river the herd parted, passing on either side of him, soon followed by the raiders. With great danger of drowning in the river, he finally succeeded in getting back to the north side of the stream. The soldiers at the wagons were during this time firing away with "three-band long Toms," as the regulation infantry guns were then called, endangering our lives as much as the life of Dutch Henry.

So here we were, 70 miles from the Bankhead cantonment and 90 miles from Fort Sill, with 12 wagons, 18 men and only two horses. What was to be done? The sergeant put one soldier on the wagonmaster's horse and ordered him to hasten to Fort Sill with a dispatch announcing the raid. Another he ordered to take my horse and go to the cantonment.

When the couriers reported the raid, details of soldiers and officers were sent out from both posts to capture the outlaws. Although these men scoured the country far and near, weeks went by without any tidings of either the mules or Henry. The earth seemed to have closed above them. In the meantime we were encamped on the bluff overlooking Salvation Creek, living on short rations and such game as we could kill.

When Dutch Henry crossed the river he bore to the south till he was clear of the fire and the soldiers on Sweetwater Creek. From that point he headed northwest, having Silver City, N. M. in mind as his destination. In crossing the Llano Estacado he was overtaken by cloudy weather. He lost his bearing and and wandered in a circle for nearly a week, till mules and men alike were well nigh famished and starved for water and food. Thus they were when picked up two weeks after the raid.

In June of that year the Comanches, Apaches and Kiowas at Fort Sill had been deprived of their horses and those animals sold at public vendue. With the proceeds of the sale the commandant determined to purchase sheep and try an Indian as a shepherd. Accordingly in the summer of 1875 Lieutenant McKinney of the Fourth Cavalry had been sent to New Mexico to purchase sheep. As he returned to Fort Sill he and his five companions came across Dutch Henry and the stolen mules on the great Llano Estacado. From sheer thirst and starvation Henry and his companions were compelled to surrender. Putting their hats on their guns, as a sign of submission, they gave themselves into the hands of the young lieutenant.

Henry was held at Fort Elliot for a short while and then sent to Kansas to

answer for his crimes in that state.

Just three weeks from the day of the raid the same mules were returned to us and we were enabled to complete the trip to Fort Sill. Henry was soon tried on some one of the counts against him and sent to prison for a long term of years.

Swapped His Beard for Indian Scalps.

Milam County came in for a share of the Indian depredations durng the days preceding the Civil War, and many settlers lost their lives at the hands of savages who frequently raided that portion of the frontier. Deeds of daring and heroism are numerous in the records handed down to this generaton and there be many yet living there who helped to rid that fair region of the red man's presence and make it a land of safe abode and contentment.

F. S. Roundtree, who was a resident of Abilene, Texas, a few years ago, was reared in Milam county, and served as a Texas Ranger with considerable distinction. His father was a noted frontiersman, and well known to all of the early settlers of Milam county.

Old Man Bryan, for whom Bryan Station was named, was another pioneer who proved himself a terror to the treacherous redskins, who had learned that his trusty rifle never missed fire and his aim was so true that at its report another Indian departed for the happy hunting grounds. Mr. Bryan wore a long, flowing beard which reached down to his waist. The Indians knew him by the beard he wore, and held him in great superstition. On one occasion six men started in pursuit of a band of raiding Indians and went by to get Mr. Bryan, but for some reason or other he could not go with them, and as they left his place he told them if they would bring back an Indian scalp they might cut off his beard.

The party overtook the Indians, surprising them while they were eating their dinner. A hard shower of rain had fallen about an hour previously, and the strings of the Indians' bows had become wet and so slack that they were utterly useless in the engagement that shortly took place. The rain had wet the priming of the white men's guns, so they were rendered ineffective also, but the men clubbed their guns and right there began an onslaught that resulted in the killing of the entire body of Indians, numbering six. The fight was fierce, but lasted only about thirty minutes, during which time the air was filled with hair, hide, warwhoops and profanity. Hand-to-hand they fought and tore up the ground over the space of an acre. Bill Hixon clubbed an Indian early in the melee and went on helping the other boys slay the others, in which work he chanced to break the stock off his gun. While lamenting the damage done to his gun, he happened to glance toward the Indian he had first knocked down, and discovered that the redskin had "come to" and was crawling away toward a small thicket. Throwing down his broken gun, he took a running jump and landed astride the crawling Indian's back, holding him down while the other boys finished his career. The Redskins were then scalped, and when the party returned to Mr. Bryan's they claimed their reward, and cut off his beard with a pair of sheep shears and then shaved him clean. When they had completed the task Mr. Bryan said he had no objections to swapping his flowing whiskers for lousy Indian scalps, to his neighbors, but he would not make the exchange with the Indians, lest the redmen should demand his forelock too. Bill Hixon got the whiskers and persuaded Mr. Bryan to give him back the scalp of the bronco Indian he rode to the happy hunting grounds in that early day.

Early Settlers Procured Salt.

To procure salt, the early Texas settlers would drive hundreds of miles to the salt deposits in Van Zandt county. They came from across the plains of the West or through the pine forests of the East and at the saline springs would supply themselves with salt for many months to come. The process of securing salt was crude. A big, open, old fashioned iron pot constituted the necessary equipment. The pot was filled with water from one of the springs, and was kept boiling until the water evaporated and the salt remained.

Mrs. Durst Lived Under Three Flags.

The following most interesting account of early days in Texas, published in a Houston paper several years ago, was written by Mrs. Harriet Durst of Leon county, when in the 77th year of her age. She was the widow of John Durst referred to in the article. She was a woman of rare intelligence and great force of character, and lived from 1844 until her death in 1888 on the place now owned by her youngest son near Leona, Leon county. The Durst home was the abode of typical Southern hospitality. Only two of Mrs. Durst's sons are now living. The Hon. Bruno Durst, representative from Leon county in the legislature of 1866, died in the 70th year of his age. Another son, Hon. John S. Durst, was county judge of Kimble county several terms, while the youngest son, Horatio, a highly respected citizen, lives in the ancestral home.

Mrs. Durst was the grandmother of Hon. J. W Blake, formerly chairman of the democratic state executive committee, and of Mrs. H. L. Scales of Dallas,

When Hon. John H. Reagan came to Texas he became a member of the family of Mrs. Durst, and was for some time tutor of her children.

The article was copied directly from the original manuscript which is in possession of Mrs. Scales. It is given in the exact language in which it was written by Mrs. Durst:

By Mrs. Harriet Durst.

We came to Texas in the spring of 1827, shortly after the difficulties with the colonists and Mexicans, called the Fredonian War. We have lived under three distinct government since in Texas. First province of Coahuila and Texas second, republic of Texas, then, United States. I can't say we were pleased to be annexed—we preferred remaining an independent republic, enjoying the rights for which they had fought, toiled and suffered. It was those who came in later who wanted equal rights and aspired to equal privileges, which created disturbance.

A part of Texas was nearly vacated for awhile after the Fredonian difficulties and Mexican troops were sent to occupy Nacogdoches, to prevent American immigration. That was impossible, for they had lands in the country and they determined to keep it and settle on them too.

Mr. Durst (John Durst) did a large business there at that time merchandising and supplying the troops. He spoke Spanish fluently, was partially reared in Texas and was looked upon as a native having greater privileges than a newcomer. He was raised by Sam Davenport, who lived in Texas in Spanish times, leaving the country when it was broken up by the war between Spain and Mexico, and almost abandoned for some years.

The next difficulties were brought on by the military commander at Nacogdoches. He tried to stop immigration. Every one coming in was ordered by him to be arrested and put under military rule. He could not accomplish that. Finally orders came for our men to give up their arms. This caused them to rise en masse and turn out against the Mexican authorities. The citizen Mexicans joined in with our men. Our forces were prepared to attack and after the first day's fighting the Mexicans lost many—killed and wounded. They left their quarters and tried to make their escape but were followed by our men who made them surrender at Angelina river, took them prisoners and sent them off to the proper authorities. The commander, Piedras, was delivered to Col. Austin and there agreed to the terms required. I think this was in 1834.

Quiet was sustained but a short time. The Mexicans were so opposed to the Americans filling up the country they determined to make another grand effort to overpower us and drive us across the Sabine. The Americans were much alarmed at the reports and all the women and children that could get away left their homes to start for Louisana and Arkansas. I did not become alarmed, as Santa Ana with his forces was a long way from us, with all the water courses high and hundreds at very crossing trying to get over. I thought there was plenty of time yet, until the old Cherokee chief came down among us and begged his neighbors to take their families away. He had lived among us with his people for a long time. Cherokee county (now) is where his tribe lived. They were good farmers. The Mexicans had linked in with them by bribery, promising them a large scope of country

if they would agree to join them, which they did.

"Old Chief Bowles knew Mr. Durst. He said to him, "Well, take all of your women and children away where they will be safs," saying: "Me no hurt you all my friends, but maybe so heap men, some bad men can't control. My men help Mexicans, afraid me can't manage all of them."

This alarmed me no little. I was willing enough to go then. Mr. Durst had, a week previous to this ,prepared to take us to the other side of the Sabine, get a place to stay until matters became settled. The wagons were loaded, standing at the door, carriages too, all ready to start the next morning; horses all stabled and fed. Soon next morning the servants went to bring out the horses, and not one was there, nor did we ever get one of them, so that plan was abandoned. We had no horses left, but some mares and young colts and Mr. Durst's riding horse.

A while before this happened Joseph Durst, my brother-in-law, came by with his family to see if we were still at home. They had concluded to start in time for Louisiana. We sent our oldest boy, Louis, on with them. He was started off on a good horse with a black boy servant riding behind him, and an extra pair of saddlebags, containing valuable papers and money enough for all purposes, thinking it well to make that much safe after the warning from the old chief.

Mr. Durst fixed us up for leaving, which we did at night. The children rode the mares, each a servant on behind to help carry them, I on Mr. Durst's horse that had never been ridden by a woman—I thought "any port in a storm."

My husband remained to try to make all safe he could. He had commenced building a small boat with a view of taking refuge down the Angelina river on an island where he knew we could be safe. He took all hands (negroes), the old lady, Mrs. McFarland, who lived with us, also a family that lived on our place, all down there, built camps of cane for protection from the weather, moved our things (what he did not bury), and his provisions. He had his corn shelled and filled the walls of the house, it being a frame house ceiled, thinking if it was not burned he would have bread in plenty, which he did, not only for his own family, servants, etc., but for many others, as all that was left visable was destroyed. Mr. Durst would go up around home occasionally to see if all was safe.

Such a time as we had on that runaway scrape can never be described fully. So many pushing to get away by every route and means Some swimming, some on rafts, on logs, trees cut across the stream for bridges. I was quite an adept at walking logs, carrying children, bundles, etc., before I arrived at the end of our stampede. An old dog of ours slipped off and followed us from home and at night when we made our beds down on the ground he would crawl upon my feet and sleep there. I felt well guarded.

I had a Mexican servant along with us who was very useful on the trip. One who had been with my husband since a little boy. He went with us to Natchitoches, La., and when starting back with the horses, knowing I was in trouble and anxious about Mr. Durst, he said to me: "Madam, don't be uneasy about Don Juan (as he called him), I will never leave him unless he sends me; where he is, I will be, and if they kill him they will kill me too." He was always cheerful. His name was Antonio Sanches.

Many families never got out of Texas. A great many remained where they were at the surrender , rented lands, made crops and returned to their homes in the fall. I remained at Natchitoches, among my friends until June.

After the battle of San Jacinto took place, and the surrender made we hoped we were done with wars, with its ravages and troubles, but not so, for difficulties were soon brought on by citizens and native Mexicans. The latter do not seem capable of self-government, and need some controling power over them all the time. Although not capable, they were anxious to rule and became jealous of the Americans owning lands, becoming so numerous and ruling the country, so they decided not to allow it but to put them under subjection, so they began to form secretly in squads and prepare for an outbreak, also tring to influence the Indians to join them. We were then living on the Angelina river.

One morning our old negro who attended to the horses came in very early and told his master that he had just heard the report of five guns in quick succession. Mr. Durst hurried off, taking five or six men with him, and went

down the river to see what discoveries he could make. Suspicions were already aroused about there being something brewing and a detachment kept in readiness.

They had gone some distance down the river when they fell in with one of the Mexican outpost guards. Fortunately, a Mexican who had lived with us for years, came up with Mr. Durst in great excitement, saying: "Stop Mr. Amo. For God's sake go back," speaking in Spanish, that he had orders to shoot on sight every one he saw, but I can't hurt you, and begged him to go back anl take his family off. That he would be shot if it was known he had talked to him. This man was Guillermo Cruze. All the other men in this little party might have been killed, had not Mr. Durst been leading them. The Mexican guarded them back out of their limits. Upon being asked what they were concentrating there for he said they were going to fight for their rights, that they had been dogs long enough and told Mr. Durst, who was in command, how many there were and that they already had some Indians with them. They had killed several men who had passed that way that morning.

With this alarming news every soul left that region in a hurry. Mr. Durst and his party came in with two and three on each horse. Mr. Durst dispatched couriers in "double-quick time" to Gen. Rusk to have the militia ordered into ranks and for all hands to make ready and by next day they were under way to attack them.

The Mexicans had left by forced march. Our men followed after them, increasing in numbers all of the time. At that time Mr. Durst had built two block houses on his place, arranging them so he could wall them in with his house and for protection, and runners had been sent out to call in all the families from exposed points. We soon had any number encamped about our place—houses full, too. Enough men were left to guard the place. Strange how little fear we feel at such times. While our men were all off in pursuit of the enemy we would all get together in crowds and the children in the yard, any number, of playing, and enjoying themselves in various ways. We were so used to these warlike demonstrations we always felt that there would be a way of escape. In case of attack we were directed to take refuge in a basment cellar dining room in our house where we could be safe.

The running enemy was pursued until overtaken, when the fight came off. They surrendered and were compelled to quit the country. Some of my friends went to Nacogdoches to be near the old stone fort. This old stone house belonged to us. We lived in it while there in Nacogdoches. It was the birthplace of my eldest daughter, Benigna. It was built in missionary days in Texas, as far back as 1778.

When we came to Nocogdoches there were but few white people in the place. Mrs. Thorn and myself were the first ladies there except Mrs. Dill. Her husband had been commandant there several years. The Mexicans and Indians were then both civil and polite.

I could speak French when I came and soon learned to speak English, and also could make myself understood by the Indians in their language. They brought us venison and turkeys every day. I was accustomed to Indians before coming to Texas. My father Col. John Jamison, was Indian agent in Louisiana for many years and there were always Indians about. After I married we always had some Indians about us—we liked their cooking. The men were fine hands to attend to stock and wild horses.

When Texas was annexed affairs were settled more permanently; immigrants were flocking into the state; lands were settled, laws were established, and Texas as it has always has been, was a great country.

In 1844 we moved to what was called Robertson colony. My husband had lands here and had a large stock of cattle which needed good grazing country, which he found here (now Lendes.) After awhile, the colony was divided into three counties. Mr. Durst named Leon county, Leon being the name of the prairie site of our home since early times, on account of so many "Leons" being killed in it. (This is the large dun-colored wolf.) There were but few people here. There were still on the prairie mustangs buffalo, and wild game of every kind.

Mrs. Velma Smith, a teacher at Stewartsville, Mo., reads Frontier Times to her pupils. We are pleased to say also that teachers all over Texas are doing the same thing. Let the boys and girls learn of the hardships and privations of the pioneers.

Remains of Indian Fighters to be Moved.

Asleep these fifty years in the little graveyard at Fort Apache, Arizona, Indian fighters of the past who helped to carve the great empire of the Southwest, are to be laid in their final resting place in the National Cemetery at Santa Fe. When the snow melts next spring in the valley where they are buried, the army will tenderly remove all that is mortal of these valiant men to be reinterred with full military honors.

The army has abandoned Fort Apache, the famous frontier post of the early days, where the vanguard of civilizaton battled with the fierce Apache for supremacy of the west.

History does not record in detail what they did, but musty records show that the graveyard was put to use shortly after the army first penetrated the fastnesses of the White Mountains, where the Apaches, the fiercest of North American tribes, defied the white man. Old officers who have served at the fort remember the stirring times of this frontier post. It was around this little fort that Geronimo, the wily warrior chief, was wont to sweep down on the white man, leaving a trail of death in his wake. Many times the little garricon went out after him, and whn they returned they brought back some of their men to lay them in the little cemetery.

There are no impressive monuments over the graves. Many of them are marked only with wooden headstones and some have no other inscription than "unknown." Their names are not famous, but history has much to say of their deeds. Altogether, there are 211 graves. Not all of them are men. Some are women and children but they played no mean part in the winning of the West.

There is sentiment attached to the action of this army. They could leave the little graveyard undisturbed and the bones of their people to eternal sleep But they are leaving the valley forever, and as they wind their way out of the valley to the railroad, over the mountainside, they will carry their dead with them.

There is another story about this quaint little Apache valley. It is the other side.

Fifty years ago, the snug little valley was inhabited by one of the numerous tribes of the Apache nation. In the deep blue pools of the White river, the Apache brave fished and on the cedar brakes of the mountainside he hunted, living in happiness and peace. The white man came. For thirty years they fought and the white man won.

The valley was wrested from the Redman and he became the ward of his paleface brother. He came to sleep at the door of his tepee, awaiting the coming of the Indian agent with his cans of beans and his sacks of flour. He developed into a listless, degenerated tribesman, dependant upon the Great Father in Washington.

When the snow melts next spring, the Great Father is going to give him back his peaceful valley and he can move his tepee down from the mountainside and once more possess the land of his fathers.

It will be the same valley but the mark of the whitte man will be upon him.

Cynthia Ann Parker Was Captured in Limestone County.

Mrs. J. M. Peters, Box 93, Marlin, Tex.

In The Farm News of Nov. 6, there appeared an article stating that a Mr. Boone of Fort Worth, Texas, was a descendant of Cynthia Ann Parker, who was "captured by the Indians and carried away from Parker county" so the article read. That is a mistake.

I also am a descendant of the Parkers. My great-grandmother, Mrs. Rachel Plummer, was a sister to Silas Parkr, she and her baby boy Pratt Plummer were captured at the same time with Cynthia Ann. Pratt Plummer was my grandfather. He remained a captive until he was 7 years of age. His mother was released and died before her son was found.

The place where they were captured was in Limestone County, near Groesbeck, instead of Parker County. My home is in Marlin, Texas, not more than forty miles from where the old Parker fort stood.

I will appreciate a letter or a visit from any of the descendants of the Parkers.

Send in Your Sketch.

We would like to receive reminiscent sketches from all of the Texas pioneers. Write your sketch in your own way, giving your experience on the frontier.

A Texas Cowboy Coming Down the Trail.

By Jack Potter

From the "Trial Drivers of Texas." Used by Permission.

In the spring of 1882, the New England Livestock Company bought three thousand shorthorns in Southwest Texas, cut them into four herds, and started them on the trail to Colorado, with King Hennant of Corpus Christi in charge of the first herd, Asa Clark of Legarta the second herd, Billie Burke the third herd, and John Smith in charge of the fourth. When they reached a point near San Antonio, Smith asked me to go with the herd at $30 a month and transportation back.

There was no excitement whatever on this drive. It was to me very much like a summer's outing in the Rocky Mountains. We went out by way of Fredericksburg, Mason and Brady City, and entered the Western trail at Cow Gap, going through Albany near Fort Griffin, where we left the Western trail and selected a route through to Trinidad, Colorado, via Double Mountain Fork of the Brazos, Wichita and Pease Rivers, to the Charles Goodnight ranch on the Staked Plains. We had several stampedes while crossing the plains.

En route we saw thousands of antelope crossing the trail in front of the herd. We crossed the Canadian at Tuscosa. This was a typical cowboy town, and at this time a general roundup was in progress, and I believe there was a hundred and fifty cowboys in the place. They had taken a day off to celebrate, and as there were only seven saloons in Tuscosa they were all doing a flourishing business. We had trouble in crossing the river with our herd, as those fellows were riding up and down the streets yelling and shooting.

Our next point was over the Dim Trail and freight road to Trinidad, Colorado. where we arrived the tenth of July. Here the manager met us and relieved two of the outfits, saying the country up to the South Platte was easy driving and that they would drift the horses along with two outfits instead of four. The manager and King Hennant made some medicine and called for the entire crews of John Smith and Asa Clark, and told Billie Burke to turn his crew over to Hennant , who was to take charge of the whole drive I was disappointed, for I did not want to spoil the summer with a two months drive. hey called the men up one at a time and gave them their checks. However, King Hennant arranged with the manager for me to remain with them, and then it was agreed to send me with some of the cow ponies to the company's cattle ranch in the Big Horn basin later on.

The drive up the South Platte was fine. We traveled for three hundred miles along the foothills of the Rockies, where we were never out of sight of the snowy ranges. We went out by way of La Junta, Colorado, on the Sante Fe, and then to Deer Trail. We would throw our two herds together at night and the next morning again cut them into two herds for the trail. We arrived at the South Platte River near Greely, Colorado, about the tenth of August.

The itch or ronia had broken out on the trail, and in those days people did not know how to treat it successfully. Our manager sent us a wagonload of kerosene and sulphur with which to fight the disease.

When we reached Crow Creek we turned the herds loose and began building what is known as the Crow Ranch. I worked here thirty days and it seemed like thirty years. One day the manager came out and gave us instructions to shape up a herd of one hundred and fifty select cow ponies to be taken to the Big Horn Ranch, and I was chosen to go with the outfit. This was the first time I had seen an outfit fixed up in the north I supposed we would get a pack horse and fix up a little outfit and two of us hike out with them. It required two days to get started. The outfit consisted of a wagon loaded with chuck, a big wall tent, cots to sleep on, a stove, and a number one cook. We hit the trail, and it was another outing for men, for this time we were traveling in new fields.

After leaving Cheyenne we pulled out for Powder River and then up to Sheridan. The weather was getting cold and I began to get homesick. When we reached the Indian country I was told that it was only one day's drive to Custer's battle ground. I was agreeably surprised the next morning as we came down a long slope into the Little Big Horn Valley to the battle ground. I was

under the impression that Sitting Bull had hemmed Custer up in a Box Canyon and came up from behind and massacred his entire army. But that was a mistake as Sitting Bull with his warriors was camped in the beautiful valley when Custer attacked him in the open. It seems that the Indians retreated slowly up a gradual slope to the east and Custer's men followed. The main fight took place at the top of the rise, as there is a headstone where every soldier fell, and a monument where Custer was killed.

The balance of that day, we passed thousands of Indians who were going in the same direction we were traveling. When they go to the agency to get their monthly allowance they take along everything with them, each family driving their horses in a separate bunch. When we arrived at the Crow agency the boss received a letter from the manager instructing him to send me back to Texas as the company was contracting for cattle spring delivery, and I would be needed in the trail drives. The next morning I roped my favorite horse and said to the boys: "Goodbye, fellows, I am drifting south where the climate suits my clothes." That day I overtook an outfit on the way to Ogallala, and traveled with them several days, and then cut out from them and hiked across the prairie one hundred and fifty miles to the Crow Ranch, where I sold my two horses, and hired a party to take me and my saddle to Greeley, where I expected to set out for home.

Now, reader, here I was, a boy not yet 17 years old, two thousand miles from home. I had never been on a railroad train, had never slept in a hotel, never taken a bath in a bath house, and from babyhood I had heard terrible stories about ticket thieves, money changers, pickpockets, three card monte, and other robbing schemes, and I had horrors about this my first railroad trip The first thing I did was to make my money safe by tying it up in my shirttail. I had a draft for $150 and some currency. I purchased a second-hand trunk and about two hundred feet of rope with which to tie it. The contents of the trunk were one apple-horn saddle, one pair of chaps, a Colt's 45, one sugan, a henskin blanket, and a change of dirty clothes. You will see later that this trunk and its contents caused me no end of trouble.

My cowboy friends kindly assisted me in getting ready for the journey. The company had agreed to provide me with transportation, and they purchased a local ticket to Denver for me and gave me a letter to deliver to the general ticket agent at this point, instructing him to sell me a reduced ticket to Dodge City, Kansas, and enable me to secure a cowboy ticket from there to San Antonio for $25. Dodge City was the largest delivering point in the Northwest, and by the combined efforts of several prominent stockmen a cheap rate to San Antonio had been perfected for the convenience of the hundreds of cowboys returning home after the drives.

About 4 p. m. the Union Pacific train came pulling into Greeley. Then it was a hasty handshake with the boys. One of them handed me my trunk check, saying, "Your baggage is loaded. Goodbye; write me when you get home," and the train pulled out. It took several minutes for me to collect myself, and then the conductor came through and called for the tickets. When I handed him my ticket he punched a hole in it, and then pulled out a red slip, punched it, too, and slipped it into my hatband. I jumped to my feet and said, "You can't come that on me. Give me back my ticket." but he passed out of hearing, and as I had not yet learned to walk on a moving train I could not follow him. When I had become fairly settled in my seat again the train crossed a bridge, and as it went by I thougth the thing was going to hit me on the head. I dodged those bridges all the way up to Denver. When I reached there I got off at the Union Station and walked down to the baggage car and saw them unload ing my trunk. I stepped up and said "I will take my trunk." A man said, "No; we are handling this baggage." "But," said I, "that is my trunk, and has my saddle and gun in it." They paid no attention to me and wheeled the trunk off to the baggage room, but I followed right along, determined that they were not going to put anything over me. Seeing that I was so insistent one of the men asked me for my check. It was wrapped up in my shirttail, and I went after it, and produced the draft I had been given as wages. He looked at it and said, "This is not your trunk check. Where is your metal check with numbers on it?" Then it began to dawn on me what the darn thing was, and

when I produced it and handed it to him, he asked me where I was going. I told him to San Antonio, Texas, if I could get there. I showed him my letter to the general ticket agent, and he said:"Now, boy, you leave this trunk right here and we will recheck it and you need not bother about it." That sounded bully to me.

I followed the crowd down Sixteenth and Curtiss Streets, and rambled around looking for a quiet place to stop. I found the St. Charles Hotel and made arrangements to stay all night. Then I started off to a barber shop to get my hair cut and clean up a bit. When the barber finished with me he asked if I wanted a bath and when I said yes, a negro porter took me down the hallway and into a side room. He turned on the water, tossed me a couple of towels, and disappeared. I commenced undressing hurriedly, fearing the tub would fill up before I could get ready. The water was within a few inches of the top of the tub when I plunged in. Then I gave a yell like a Comanche Indian, for the water was boiling hot! I came out of the tub on all fours, but when I landed on the marble floor it was so slick that I slipped and fell backwards with my head down. I scrambled around promiscuously, and finally got my footing with a chair for a brace. I thought: "Jack Potter, you are scalded after the fashion of a hog." I caught a lock of my hair to see if it would "slip," at the same time fanning myself with my big Stetson hat. I next examined my toenails, for they had received a little more dipping than my hair, but I found them in fairly good shape, turning a bit dark, but stsill hanging on.

That night I went to the Tabor Opera House and saw a fine play. There I found a cowboy chum and we took in the sights until midnight when I returned to the St. Charles. The porter showed me up to my room and turned on the gas. When he had gone I undressed to go to bed, and stepped up to blow out the light. I blew and blew until I was out of breath, and then tried to fan the flame out with my hat, but I had to go to bed and leave the gas burning. It was fortunate that Idid not succeed, for at that time the papers were full of accounts of people gassed just that way.

The next morning I started out to find the Santa Fe ticket office, where I presented my letter to the head man there. He was a nice appearing gentleman, and when he had looked over the letter, he said, "So you are a genuine cowboy? Where is your gun and how many notches have you on its handle? I suppose you carry plenty of ssalt with you on the trail for emergency? I was just reading in a magazine a few days ago about a large herd which stampeded and one of the punchers mounted on a swift horse and ran up in front of the leaders and began throwing out salt, and stopped the herd just in time to keep them from running off a high precipice." I laughed heartily when he told me this, and said: My friend, you can't learn the cow business out of books. That yarn was hatched in the brain of some fiction writer who probably never saw a cow in his life. But I am pleased to find a railroad man who will talk, for I always heard that a railroad man only used two words, 'Yes' and 'No'." Then we had quite a pleasant conversation. He asked me if I was ever in Albert's Buckhorn saloon in San Antonio and saw the collection of fine horns there. Then he gave me an emigrant cowboy ticket to Dodge City and a letter to the agent at that place stating that I was eligible for a cowboy ticket to San Antonio.

As it was near train time I hunted up the baggage crew and told them I was ready to make another start. I showed them my ticket and asked them about my trunk. They examined it, put on a new check, and gave me one with several numbers on it. I wanted to take the trunk out and put it on the train, but they told me to rest easy and they would put it on. I stood right there until I saw them put it on the train, then I climbed aboard.

This being my second day out I thought my troubles should be over, but not so, for I couldn't face those bridges. They kept me dodging and fighting my head. An old gentlemen who sat near me said, "Young man, I see by your dress that you are a typical cowboy, and no doubt you can master the worst bronco or rope and tie a steer in less than a minute, but in riding a railway train you seem to be a novice. Sit down on this seat with your back to the front and those bridges will not bother you." And ssre enough it was just as he said.

We arrived at Coolidge, Kansas, one of the old landmarks of the Santa Fe trail days, about dark. That night at

12 o'clock we reached Dodge City, where I had to lay over for 24 hours. I thought everything would be quiet in the town everything would be quiet in the town at that hour of the night, but I soon found out that they never slept in Dodge. They had a big dance hall there which was to Dodge City what Jack Harris' Theater was to San Antonio. I arrived at the hall in time to see a gambler and a cowboy mix up in a six-shooter duel. Lots of smoke, a stampede, but no one killed. I secured a room and retired. When morning came arose and fared forth to see Dodge City by Daylight. It seemed to me that the town was full of cowboys and cattle owners. The first acquaintance I met here was George W. Saunders, now the president of the Old Trail Drivers. I also found Jess Pressnall and Slim Johnson there, as well as several others whom I knew down in Texas. Pressnall said to me: "Jack, you will have lots of company on your way home. Old 'Dog Face' Smith is up here from Cotulla and he and his whole bunch are going back tonight. Old 'Dog Face' is one of the best trail men that ever drove a cow, but he is all worked up about having to go back on a train. I wish you would help them along down the line in changing cars." That afternoon I saw a couple of chuck wagons coming in loaded with punchers, who had on the same clothing they were on the trail, their pants stuck in their boots and their spurs on. They were bound for San Antonio. Old 'Dog Face' Smith was a typical Texan, about 30 years of age with long hair and three months' growth of whiskers. He wore a blue shirt and a red cotton handkerchief around his neck. He had a bright, intelligent face that bore the appearance of a good trail hound, which no doubt was the cause of people calling him "Dog Face."

It seemed a long time that night to wait for the train and we put in our time visiting every saloon in town. There was a big stud poker game going on in one place, and I saw one Texas fellow lose a herd of cattle at the game. But he might have won the herd back.

I will never forget seeing that train come into Dodge City that night. Old "Dog Face" and his bunch were pretty badly frightened and we had considerabl difficulty in getting them aboard. It was 12:30 when the train pulled out. The conductor came around and I gave him my cowboy ticket. It was almost as long as your arm, and as he tore off a chunk of it I said: "What authority have you to tear up a man's ticket?" He laughed and said: "You are on my division. I simply tore off one coupon and each conductor between here and San Antonio will tear off one for each division." That sounded all right, but I wondered if that ticket would hold out all the way down.

Everyone seemed to be tired and worn out and the bunch began bedding down. Old "Dog Face" was out of humor, and was the last to bed down. A about 3 o'clock our train was side tracked to let the west-bound train pass. This little stop caused the boys to sleep the sounder. Just then the west-bound train sped by traveling at the rate of about forty miles an hour, and just as it passed our coach the engineer blew the whistle. Talk about your stampedes! That bunch of sleeping cowboys arose as one man, and started on the run with Old "Dog Face" Smith in the lead. I was a little slow in getting up, but fell in with the drags. I had not yet woke up, but thinking I was in a genuine cattle stampede, yelled out, "Circle your leaders and keep up the drags." Just then the leaders circled and ran into the drags, knocking some of us down. They circled again and the news butcher crawled out from under foot and jumped through the window like a frog. Before they could circle back the next time, the train crew pushed in the door and caught Old "Dog Face" and soon the bunch quieted down. The conductor was pretty angry and threatened to have us transferred to the freight department and loaded in a stock car.

We had breakfast at Hutchinson, and after eating and were again on our way, speeding through the beautiful farms and thriving towns of Kansas, we organized a kangaroo court and tried the engineer of that west-bound train for disturbing the peace of passengers on the east-bound train. We heard testimony all morning and called in some of the train crew to testify. One of the brakemen said it was an old trick for that engineer to blow the whistle at that particular siding and that he was undoubtedly the cause of a great many stampedes. The jury brought in the verdict of guilty, and assessed the death penalty. It was ordered that he be captured, taken to some place on the

Western trail, there to be hog-tied like a steer, and then have the road brand applied with a good hot iron and a herd of not less than five thousand Longhorn Texas steers made to stampede and trample him to death.

We had several hours lay-over at Emporia, Kansas, where we took the M. K. & T. for Parsons, getting on the main line through Indian Territory to Denison, Texas. There was a large crowd of punchers on the through train who were returning from Ogallala by way of Kansas City and Omaha.

As we were traveling through the Territory Old "Dog Face" said to me: "Potter, I expect it was me that started that stampede up there in Kansas, but I just couldn't help it. You see I took on a scare once and since that time I have been on the hair-trigger when suddenly awakened. In the year 1875 me and Wild Horse Jerry were camped at a water hole out west of the Nueces river, where we were snaring mustangs. One evening a couple of pelonicas pitched camp near by, and the next morning our remuda was missing, all except our night horses. I told Wild Horse Jerry to hold down the camp and watch the snares , and I hit the trail of those pelonicas ,which headed for the Rio Grande. I followed it for about forty miles and then lost all signs. It was nightfall, so I made camp, prepared supper and rolled into my blankets and went to sleep. I don't know how long I slept but I was awakened by a low voice saying; "Dejarle desconsar bien por que en un rato el va a comenzar su viaje por el otro mundo." (Let him rest well, as he will soon start on his journey to the other world.) It was the two Mexican horse thieves huddled around my camp fire smoking their cigarettes and taking it easy, as they thought they had the drop on me. As I came out of my bed two bullets whizzed near my head, but about that time my old Colt's 45 began talking and the janitor down in Hades had two more pelonicas on his hands. Ever since that night, if I am awakened suddenly I generally come out on my all fours roaring like a buffalo bull. I never sleep on a bedstead, for it would not be safe for me, as I might break my darn neck, so I always spread down on the floor."

It was a long ride through the Territory, and we spent the balance of the day singing songs and making merry. I kept thinking about my trunk, and felt grateful that the railroad people had sent along a messenger to look out for it. At Denison we met up with some emigrant families going to Uvalde, and soon became acquainted with some fine girls in the party. They entertained us all the way to Taylor, where we changed cars. As we told them goodbye, one of them asked me to write in her autograph album. Now I was sure enough "up a tree." I had been in some pretty tight places, and had had to solve some pretty hard problems, but this was a new one for me. You see the American people go crazy over some fad about once a year, and in 1882 it was the autograph fad. I begged the young lady to excuse me, but she insisted so I took the album and began writing down all the road brands that I was familiar with. But she told me to write a verse of some kind. I happened to think of a recitation I had learned at school when a little boy, so I wrote as follows: "It's tiresome work, says lazy Ned, to climb the hill in my new sled, and beat the other boys. Signed, Your Bulliest Friend, Jack Potter."

We then boarded the I. & G. N. for San Antonio, and at Austin a lively bunch joined us, including Hal Gosling, United States Marshal, Capt. Joe Sheeley and Sheriff Quigley of Castroville. Pretty soon the porter called out, "San Antonio, Santonnie-o," and that was music to my ears. My first move on getting off the train was to look out for my trunk and found it had arrived. I said to myself, "Jack Potter, you're a lucky dog. Ticket held out all right, toenails all healed up and trunk came through in good shape." After registering at the Central Hotel, I wrote to the general ticket agent as follows:

San Antonio, Texas, Oct. 5, 1882.

Gen. Ticket Agt. A, T, & S. F.,

Dear Sir—I landed in San Antonio this afternoon all O. K. My trunk also came through without a scratch. I want to thank you very much for the man you sent along to look after my trunk. He was very accommodating, and would not allow me to assist him in loading it on at Denver. No doubt he will want to see some of the sights of San Antonio, for it is a great place, and noted for its chili con carne. When he takes a fill of this feed, as every visitor does, you can expect him back in Denver on very short notice, as he will be seeking a cool-

er climate. Did you ever eat any chili con carne? I will send you a dozen cans soon, but tell your wife to keep it in the refrigerator, as it might set the house on fire. Thank you for past favors,

Your Bulliest Friend,
JACK POTTER

(EDITOR'S NOTE—The foregoing will be read with much interest by the old cowboys who worked the range and traveled the trail with Jack Potter. Mr. Potter is now a prosperous stockman, owning large ranch interests in Oklahoma and New Mexico. He is the son of Rev. Jack Potter, the "Fighting Parson" who was known to all the early settlers of west Texas. The above article is characteristic of the humor and wit of this rip-roaring cow-puncher, who, Geo. W. Saunders says, and other friends concur in the assertion, was considered to be the most cheerful liar on the face of the earth. But he was always the life of the outfit in camp or on the trail.

Bigfoot Wallace Stuffed With Hickory Nuts.

By Chas. T. Carlton.

Yesterday, in San Antonio, I was standing on a street corner talking to a man from Mineral Wells. On the other side of the street was an old man waiting for a chance to cross the street. Once he was a young hero and often placed his life between the Indians and the homes of the early settlers of this section of the state. Today he is aged, grey, wears glasses and depends on a cane, but cars do not stop and give him a salute as they would Gen. Pershing. At last through the stream of swift-moving automobiles he sees a break and crosses over. As I met him he said in that winning, gentle voice of his, "Ah, my friend, I am glad to see you, I thought I would take a stroll up this way, as a little exercise is good for me and I am on my way to town." Then I said to him; "Captain Smith, this is my friend Dalton, who told me that his father was murdered by the Comanches as he was returning from a drive of cattle to Kansas City, within a few miles of home."

Capt. Smith seemed to brighten up and began to relate some of the stirring things of his early days. He told of driving a herd of 500 wild cattle through the village of San Antonio and up to Leon Springs without the loss of one. A lady gave him a suit of clothes made from the cloth her mother wove, as an inducement to get him to drive the cattle. He also told this story of meeting with Big-foot Wallace, which I give in his own language, as nearly as possible:

"When Texas was a young state in the 60's and I was 15 years of age, we were living out about where Somerset is now, on a farm and as most of the men were in the army during the civil war, the defense of the home depended mostly on boys. The Comanche Indians made ffequent raids into our section of the state coming down the Frio and Medina rivers during the full moon and stole and drove off our horses and often they would massacre men, women and children.

"On this particular occasion I got all the boys that I could together and we scouted up the country in search of Indian signs and camped on the Chicon, 20 miles from Castroville. We had killed a maverick and were getting supper ready when Big-foot Wallace came along, as he always did on such occasions, and took a hand in the proceedings. Many of the boys that were in this company were 14 years of age. After supper Big-foot Wallace asked me who was in command of the outfit. I told him no one, that we just got together and started out to find some Indians. "Well," he said, "you must be captain.' I said, 'Oh no!' But he insisted and told the boys they ought to elect me captain and so they put it to a vote and I was elected captain and we organized a company of rangers there and then.

"Wallace told me that we ought to have a pack mule to take our things along and that there was one over there I might have it if we would go and get it. So we started out and hunted all day but never saw a sign of the mule. When we came in I told him about it and he said, 'Well, I wanted you to have that mule. It belongs to Capt. Sam Lytle. He killed my dogs and I wanted to get even with him by giving you that mule.' 'No,' I said, 'you don't give me another man's mule, I don't want him.'

"After we had eaten our supper Bigfoot Wallace told us this experience he

had with the Indians: 'One evening I rode up to my shack as usual and tied my horse to the door and left the dogs outside with him and shut up everything tight and snug. Sometime during the night I heard the dogs whining and they kept it up. They could scent an Indian half a mile away and I knew something was wrong or they would not keep whining. I slipped over to the door and opened the portholes and looked out but could not see anyone or anything, but I was satisfied that there were some Indians around somewhere. I closed the portholes and went to moulding bullets for dear life. When daylight came I cautiously opened the door and looked out in every direction but saw nothing. Then I took my gun and buckled on my revolvers and went around the shack and down by the corral and found that all my horses were gone. The Indians had taken up four posts at the back side of the corral and cut the rawhide and let out all the horses and driven them away. I followed their trail a mile until I came to a mot of hickory and some distance away I saw a smoke. The ground where I was standing was covered with hickory nuts and I stooped and began filling my breeches and shirt with hickory nuts two or three inches thick all around my body. I was a sight and looked like a giant—could hardly waddle along. There was an old log lying near by and I led my horse up to it and managed to crawl through the high grass. When I came within good shooting distance I sorta raised up and saw two big bucks standing up and all the rest were down around the fire cooking their breakfast. I raised my old smooth bore rifle and drew a bead on the biggest of the two and let him have it. He jumped up in the air and yelled and he fell dead. I loaded he again while the whole bunch yelled and grabbed their bows and arrows. They tried to locate me but they did not see the smoke in the grass. I raised up again and let the biggest one have the next shot and they saw the smoke and began circling around and shooting at me. I straightened up and pulled my two revolvers and they kept up a running fight. They must have shot a hundred arrows at me but they would strike the hickory nuts and bounce off. They must have thought I was the devil, for as soon as they had tied the two Indians on the horses they broke away and did not take a single one of my horses.' "

WITH THE PIONEERS.

Major W. M. Green, commanding Ex-State Rangers' Association, writes from Meridian, Texas, as follows: "Frontier Times is a publication that should be read by both old and young. Many of us know too little of what it has cost in blood and money to settle Texas. I heartily wish that every school boy and girl would avail themselves of the opportunity and read Frontier Times." Maj. Green sends in subscription of himself, James M. Robertson, George P. Robertson, R. S. Robertson, and John W. Standifer, and has also promised to give us a history of the Ex-Texas Rangers' Association.

J. M. Sampson of Los Angeles, California, writes: "I assure you that I enjoy reading your magazine very much, in fact I have read them many times over. There is a party in Waco, Texas, by the name of Bob Ross, who is a brother of the late Governor L. S. Ross, and I believe he has compiled some very interesting data relative to the early days in Texas that would be of extreme interest to your readers. Bob Ross is an excellent fellow and would be only too glad to furnish you with some reading matter that would be of value. There are many Texans in California, especially here in Los Angeles, who make my office their headquarters and enjoy reading Frontier Times which comes to me. While California is a wonderful state with its many natural resources, all Texans still have the old home state devotion that makes them anxious for any news whatsoever pertaining to that grand old "Lone Star State."

Mrs. W. B. Martin, Terrell , Texas, writes:"My grandfather, David Muckleny, came to Texas in 1866, from Tennessee, when my father was eight years old, and settled in Nacogodoches county, on the stage road between Nacogdoches and San Antonio, where he lived until his death. He often entertained Sam Houston and other noted men of that day. He knew David Crockett in Tennessee. May your magazine flourish and be a success, and every Texan read it and in this day see the hardships our forefathers endured to make this a glorious country."

When Civilization Moved Westward.

J. L. McCaleb, now temporarily sojourning in Los Angeles, California, writes as follows: "In your December number appeared an account of the Packsaddle Mountain fight. I want to say that Eli. Lloyd, mentioned in that sketch, lives in your county, near Tuff. He married a half-sister of mine, Miss Jennie Fleming, at Benton City, Atascosa county, Texas. Eli, with his people moved there after the fight. He gave me the Indian scalp he took. It was a fine long-haired relic, and I tacked it to a post in my store where it hung for months. He also left the shield, moccasins, etc. The shield was a beauty, trimmed with red flannel, feathers and bells. The old timers did not take much interest in those things, but new people coming into the country looked and wondered, and said they were glad that sort of frontier life had moved further west. Now and then some old fellow from out west would stop in and seeing those relics would tell some hair-raising story. I know something about life on the frontier. I was born in Washington county, Texas, March 4, 1852, and moved to Medina county soon after the Civil War, where I worked cattle for many years. That was a wild region then, but we loved it. In those days a man had to have a trained eye and good hearing. In those days the night was never too dark for a fellow to find at once his clothes, boots, and hat and go out and get his pony. He had good eyes. Now you have to use a flashlight to find your hat at home. The young people now do not realize the privations the old timers endured, and I fear that the present generation will not leave civilization as good as they found it. The new age has pushed the pioneers aside. As to civilization, we know it from the tallow candle to electricity, and from the ox-cart to the automobile, and we know the ups and downs of all of it. When people began to settle around old Benton City and began to cut down the timber and plow the land, I told my wife and boys that we were being crowded too fast, so we sold out and moved to Carrizo Springs in 1884, where we now have our home. At that time there were but few settlements between old Benton and Carrizo, and being close to the Mexican border whose frontier was east and ours was west I thought with the two I could get along well, and I did for a while, until artesian water was found and new people began to come in and started raising strawberries, onions, cabbage, spinach, tomatoes, and other vegetables. Then our frontier passed away, and we now have many happy and prosperous farmers."

D. W. Hamilton of Mt. Vernon, sends us a copy of the Texas Almanac, published in 1860, which contains much valuable historical sketch which we are going to reproduce in Frontier Times.

We have received a number of poems for publication in Frontier Times. We do not want poetry. Our space is too limited to use it.

Indian carvings signifying perpetual life, found on the rocks through which flow the hot springs of the Rio Grande Canon, have caused much speculation recently as to whether the site is that described in legends of the extinct Aztec race which told of spouting waters that brought never-ending youth. Natives have named the place Wa-pu-me, meaning the Spring of Life, and for years have bathed there. Near by are ruins believed to be the remains of the ancient city of Mecitil, founded by Aztecs who marched northward from their former home and settled near springs reported to possess the power of preventing old age. History records the efforts of the early Spanish explorers to confirm these stories which resulted finally in the occupation of what is now New Mexico.

What is a meteorite? Is it a treasure house of diamonds, or is it just a chunk of fused stone? To answer these questions, scientists have been studying for years one of the largest of these celestial visitors, which, they believe, fell during prehistoric times into Canon Diablo, in Arizona. According to Indian tradition, it was a flaming chariot bearing three gods, who, enveloped in a sheet of flame, extending as far as the eye could reach, rode from the stars to the earth in search of eternal rest. Small diamonds have been found in the mass, together with many metals. The fragments is now infested with rattlesnakes and houses thousands of rabbits, which attract birds and animals of prey.

Great Battle at Painted Rock.

D. Affleck in El Paso Times

Emory Gibbons, who died at the age of 81 years and three months, in San Antonio, was one of the last suvivors of that gallant band who served under Capt. Jack Hays, the renowned Texas Ranger, and helped to redeem the southwestern portion of its territory from the savages and outlaws who dominated that region.

An epic describing the dramatic, tragic and sensational events of that period would surpass in intensity the heroic productions, of ancient or modern times. Henry Castro, who settled in Castroville, that was named in his honor. says in his journal, that "They were equal to any emergency but such a company can, in my opinion, only be compared to the old musketeers of Louis XIV, who represented the true and chivalrous gentleman soldier, who at all times was ready to shed the last drop of his blood for his country and protection of the feeble."

Those were days of peril and imminent dangers, and the men who served through them under the Lone Star flag of Texas with such distinction should be gratefully remembered by the people who now occupy the land.

They fought many battles with the Comanche Indians, but the most prolonged and persistent was at Paint Rock in Concho county, where Hays with forty Texas Rangers, among whom was Emory Gibbons and E. M. Harrison, fought 600 Comanche Indians, in two and a half days and defeated them. It was one of the most desperate engagements with Indians on the Texas frontier, but no information on the subject has ever been published, and as the official report of the fight was destroyed when the state capitol burned in 1881, it is probable no record of the event could have been secured if Mr. Harrison, the last survivor of the Texas Rangers who served under Jack Hays, had not related the following preliminary facts and described the battle at the writer's request:

About nine months before the fight at Paint Rock took place Capt. Jack Hays was promoted to the rank of major and placed in command of the frontier battalion, that was composed of Capt. R. A. Gillespie's and Capt. Ben McCulloch companies. Harrison and Gibbons were members of Gillespie's company, and they were encamped on the Medina river, above Castroville in June 1840, when Major Hays visited Brownsville. Immediately after the United States army was marched from Corpus Christi to that point, with the intention of placing his rangers under the orders of General Taylor. During the absence a large body of Comanche Indians made a predatory incursion into the region west of San Antonio, and a party of scouts reported the day he returned that they had passed a given point two days before on their retreat. Major Hays arrived in camp that night and ordered Captain Gillespie to make preparations to accompany him next morning with all his available forces. He also notified Placida, a Mexican, and Bill Chisom, a Cherokee Indian, two noted trailers, who were perfectly familiar with the country, that he desired their services.

Major Hays rode rapidly from camp at an early hour the following morning with forty rangers, and directed his course towards Bandera Pass, a noted historical landmark, where Hays and his rangers, fought a desperate batle in 1841 with a large party of Comanche warriors and defeated them. The next point on their route was Enchanted Rock about eighty miles north of San Antonio, which is another landmark of considerable interest not only as a natural curiosity, but because of the legendary tales associated with it and on account of the fight that Hays had with a party of Comanches in 1842, when he was alone in the crater on the summit. It was a fearful experience and he narrowly escaped with his life.

About ten o'clock that night, the guides discovered the fresh trail of the Comanche raiders a few miles south of the Enchanted Rock, and the entire party followed it beyond that point until the trailers decided that the Indians were making for a small lake at the base of Painted Rock, a prominent landmark situated about 80 miles in a northwest direction from that place. Major Hays agreed with them that the trail was abandoned for a much shorter and more direct route to the lake, where he hoped to intercept the Indians. The party stopped there amout three hours to rest

and refresh themselves, and afterwards they rode almost continuously for twenty-four hours, or until they arrived at the lake about 1 o'clock the second night. After satisfying himself that he had ridden ahead of the raiders, Major Hays placed his camp guards and allowed his men and horses a needed rest. They had traveled about one hundred and thirty miles in about forty-two hours, and were completely exhausted.

About daylight the pickets announced that the Indians were approaching, and the rangers made preparations to meet them. They had not suspicions of an enemy being in that vicinity and were advancing toward the lake in disorder, with the expectation of camping there a day or two. The fatigue of the prolonged expedition from which they were returning, had made them long for a period of rest, and it was a complete surprise when the rangers opened fire on them.

The sudden attack disconcerted the warriors in front and caused them to retreat a short distance until their entire force could congregate. But no active movement was made until after daylight, and the chiefs then prepared to attack the small band of daring Texans who had intercepted them. They ascertained the exact number of rangers then by examining the trail made by their horses, and expected to overwhelm them in one full charge.

The rangers had taken shelter in a thicket of willow trees, where there was considerable underbrush, and where their horses were equally protected. This was on the north margin and near the center of the lake, which was 100 yards wide and 300 yards long. At the west end of the lake the precipituous sides of Painted Rock rose 100 feet above the water that laved its base, and obstructed an attack from that quarter.

There was perfect order among them and all were self-possessed when the six hundred painted savages charged them at full speed in a line that circled their position to the towering sides of the rock. The fearful Comanche warwhoops and demoniac yells that filled the air had no more effect upon the little band of Texans than the swarm of arrows that flashed through their ranks when the Indians were closing around them; but they obeyed Major Hays' orders to take good aim and fired with a deadly purpose. A number of warriors tumbled headlong to the ground when their rifles cracked, which caused the line to fall back precipitously. But after a little delay they again formed and renewed the attack in a continuous line, and, when passing the Texans' position, sent a stream of arrows into the thicket that sheltered them without exposing themselves. After that they charged repeatedly at short intervals throughout the day. Sometimes they rushed forward with lances poised in a body to within a few yards of the Texans' line, as if they intended to sweep all before them, but they could not face the withering fire from Colt's revolvers, and fought with determined bravery and would retreat in confusion. Though they recklessly exposed themselves on every occasion until night settled on the scene, none of their efforts were successful. The Comanches' mode of fighting, like their bows, arrows and lances, was out of date, and they could not compete with white men with improved arms under an intelligent leader.

Mr. Harrison says: "I was a boy then only 16 years old, and tried to act as bravely as the more experienced rangers, but when I saw the long line of painted savages coming towards me in their first charge I felt the hair rise on my head, and it seemed to me that all the devils from the lower regions had been turned loose upon us, but I braced myself and the panicky feeling passed away. After that I had paid no attention to the noise they made and put in some pretty good work."

The Comanches retired into the darkness, leaving their dead on the field, but they continued to alarm the rangers' camp that night by small parties on foot, who were sent out for that purpose. None attempted to approach the lake, and it was necessary for them to ride twenty miles to the nearest water, but they left in small bodies and returned before morning. With these exceptions the night was uneventful.

The rangers had fought continuously without food or rest all day and they were not only famished, but completely worn out when the enemy retired; consequently, it was great relief when they could supply their necessary wants and recuperate their energies. But Hays and Gillespie were vigilant in watching the enemy, though the usual detail had been stationed to guard the camp.

The battle that opened early in the morning of the second day continued,

with short intermissions, until night, and the courage and indurance of the rangers was tested to the utmost. They repulsed charge after charge, and several followed in such succession that the men scarcely had time to reload their weapons. The Comanches, too, were more reckless and often forced themselves almost upon the Texans with fearless desperation, as if, they had determined to crush them with numbers; but at the critical moment some of them wavered under the leaden hail that thinned their ranks, and their weakness created a panic.

The Indians also caused a diversion by attacking them from the south side of the lake and from the top of Paint Rock, which was accessible towards the west; but their arrows did no harm from that distance, though it was not beyond the reach of the rangers' rifles, which forced them to withdraw after several warriors had fallen.

That night the Comanches again rode to the distant watering place in small parties, as they had done before, and no doubt they marveled among themselves at the audacity, courage and resources of the small body of white men who had defended themselves successfully two whole days against fifteen times their own number and committed fearful execution among the redskins. But they knew then that Captain Yack (the name Major Hays bore among them) was in command because he had made himself conspicuous at every vulnerable point throughout the fight and they determined to compass his destruction. The spirits of several hundred Comanche warriors who had been sent to the happy hunting grounds through his instrumentality was inciting them to vengeance, and the opportunity of ridding themselves of the man against whom they cherished an implacable hatred on account of the injuries he had inflicted on their tribe They resolved to prevent his escape by redoubling their efforts.

The rangers were in an extremely perilous situation that night, and Major Hays realized the dangers that confronted him and especially the possibility of being attacked by the whole strength of the Comanche tribe, numbering several thousand warriors. It seemed as if he had invited destruction by penetrating so far beyond the nearest settlement with his small party of fearless men and cutting off a vastly superior body of Indians in the vicinity of their strongholds, But Hays never hesitated to assume any responsibility, and the courage of the men gave him confidence in their ability to resist any number the enemy might bring against him. He had defended his position forty-eight hours, in which time the rangers had repulsed charge after charge of the intrepid foe with admirable bravery without the loss of a man, and he did not doubt but they would continue to do so the next day, though they were then physically exhausted from continual fighting. Their endurance had been tested to the utmost, but all of them were young men whose energies would be restored by a few hours' rest, and he let them sleep while he and Gillespie again assisted the outposts in guarding the camp or in repulsing small parties of the enemy who made occasional assaults.

The enemy's movements awoke the rangers from their slumbers the next morning at the dawn of day, and shortly afterwards the battle was renewed with more persistency than had been exhibited at any time before. They were led by a war chief who had been urging on the fight, and he exhibited a reckless bravery throughout the battle. He wore on his head the horns of a buffalo, with its heavy tuft of hair in front that covered his face and also an unusual number on which was displayed many silver ornaments. His body was clothed in a long buckskin garment with a heavy fringe along its edges and seams that had many paintings upon it, which extended below the hips. He carried a long shield that protected his entire body, which was covered with a tanned buffalo hide so thick that a rifle bullet could not penetrate it. The fighting was all done on the north side in front of the rangers' position, but from different angles, and the Indians often approached within fifty yards of the thicket. Several fierce charges were made before 10 o'clock, in which the war chief was conspicuous, and he was a target for many rifles, but his shield always protected his body and received the bullets. About that hour he concentrated his entire force in one body and was leading the charge that probably would have overwhelmed the rangers, when he was killed. He was looking backward to urge on his followers and perhaps, he turned his body half around with his shield in front, consequently his side was exposed. Major

Hays instantly took advantage of his carelessness and sent a ball crossways through his body that killed him. When he fell to the ground his warriors rushed forward from every direction to recover his body, but the rangers poured a continuous fire into the mass and forced them to fall back. One of the rangers then mounted a horse that was saddled and ran quickly to the corpse with a rope that had a noose in one end and the other end secured to the horn of his saddle. He dropped the noose over the chief's head and dragged him into camp. It was done so quickly the warriors were unable to do anything to prevent it, but they ran forward in large numbers for that purpose, though they could accomplish nothing and only exposed themselves to a destructive fire. Finally they ceased to make an effort, when they disscovered that it would be impossible to recover his corpse. They wheeled and retreated rapidly in a northerly direction until out of sight.

The rangers could scarcely believe that the Comanches had abandoned the siege, and they mounted their horses to follow them for the purpose of ascertaining the truth, but they saw them no more. About a mile from the lake they discovered a bunch of horses in a herd, with four Indians in charge, who had not been notified that the others had retreated, and in a moment the rangers were after them. They killed all the Indians and drove the horses to their camp as captured property, but they ascertained afterwards that the Comanches had stolen them on their raids.

Major Hays was greatly relieved when it was known that the Indians had gone, but he was apprehensive that they would return with reinforcements and hastened his departure, though he would have preferred to remain and graze his horses that had been three days without food. He knew that his men were not in condition to pass through a similar experience, as they might have to do if he waited until the next day. Furthermore, his company was nearly out of provisions and his ammunition was almost exhausted.

More than one hundred Comanche warriors lay dead on the field, and many more were carried off or died from wounds. The evidence testifies to the fierceness of the Indian attack and the deadly marksmanship of the rangers. On the other hand it is remarkable that the Comanches only succeeded in wounding one man and they killed a horse. The wounded man was Emory Gibbons, who was hit by an arrow that passed through his left arm below the elbow. It was afterwards supposed the arrow was poisoned, because he suffered from the wound many years. Although thousands of arrows were discharged at them, they were harmless otherwise, because the men and horses were sheltered by trees and undergrowth where they could not be seen and which the Indians failed to penetrate. Thus protected, the rangers had greatly the advantage and the arrows were wasted.

The man who lost his horses was remounted on one of the captured animals and the company left Painted Rock for their camp on the Medina. No opposition was offered by the Comanches and probably they made no attempt to follow them. The men and horses were completely fagged out when they reached camp, and the expedition was exceedingly trying, especially on those not hardened in the service.

This was the last engagement Jack Hays had with the Indians in Texas and the fight was long remembered by the Comanches as one of their hardest battles. Major Hays left the camp next day and went to Austin where he received a commission to raise a regiment of rangers to serve under General Taylor in the Mexican War. This regiment enlisted for six months in July, 1846, and earned a national reputation.

The exploits of his regiment, in which Mr. Harrison served as a private and which was largely composed of men who followed him on the frontier of Texas are narrated in "The Scouting Expedition of the Texas Rangers," in which the author makes the following general reference to Colonel Hays' service and his old rangers in that statement:

"Were an account of the Indian fights, skirmishes and adventures of Colonel Hays to be given to the world it would be looked upon rather as the effusion of a fertile imagination, consistng of legendary tales and the adventures of some fictitious knight-errant than the faithful account of the achievements of a man living and moving among us, and that, too, comparatively unknown."

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The Mission de Los Olmos Near Falfurrias.

Marshall Monroe, in Houston Chronicle.

Los Olmos is being cleared for cultivation! Just the other day the sound of an axe being sunk deep into the scattering mesquite of Los Olmos Rancho, marked the passing of the last vestige of the older civilization of Southwest Texas particularly in that section between Corpus Christi and Laredo.

The wooded spots are being cleared from Los Olmos. The spring will find long furrows of fresh turned earth in their stead. Shortly a few heavy laden wagons will creak across the rude bridge over Los Olmos Creek, and the last remaining corners of the old Los Olmos mission will have vanished.

An older civilization will be gone; a newer one will be here!

In sparsely wooded pastures, across cleared fields, where cultivation has not been long at its task of leveling, in innumerable places, one today finds traces of the old highway. Set below the level of surrounding terrain, the long highway is assuredly but a remnant of its former self.

A short distance from the ruins of El Mission de Los Olmos, one comes upon a fragment of that old route. Mesquite and cactus grow in profusion upon either side, and even in the center. A newer civilization has built a bridge a short distance above, and so the old crossing of Los Olmos Creek is left undisturbed.

Back in the days when these missions housed monks of the builders' order, over the entire route from the Mexican capital to San Antonio there moved a procession of travelers. It was for them these missions were built. Few, if any, are more than a days' journey, judged by the transportation of those days, apart. The Alamo, in San Antonio, so far as is known, was the fartherest north.

In more recent days, perhaps because the time lapsed is not so great, Los Olmos enjoyed an almost national reputation.

Los Olmos Rancho was the home of Pedro Caramillo, a Spaniard of the old school, who gained a wide reputation through his methods of supposedly curing disease. Many are the stories told, even today, of the long pilgrimages made to Los Olmos from all parts of the United States, as well as from Mexico, and other foreign countries.

The aged physician listened to the patient's story of pain and lengthened suffering. When it was finished, he vanished to return shortly with a carrot.

"Eat this in the morning when you first awake. Do likewise each morning for a week," he said.

The patient with a supply of carrots departed. He told an acquaintance of the foolish prescription. It so chanced this acquaintance was well informed as to apparent eccentricities of the old doctor, so he advised the patient to do exactly as commanded.

When the week was up the patient returned to Los Olmos a well man.

The other evening I asked an aged native how he accounted for the remarkable cures accredited to Pedro Caramillo. His answer tells the story far better than I could.

"Faith, Senor, only faith."

The confidences Pedro Caramillo succeeded in arousing in the simpleminded Mexicans of this section is little short of astonishing. Many are the stories told of long journeys made by poverty-stricken families, when some members chanced to fall deathly ill.

Eighty miles west of Los Olmos such a family, with a baby near death's door, determined to visit Los Olmos in an effort to save the child. In the primitive wagon of that time, the long, tedious journey was accomplished.

Worn through tedious nights of toiling on, sleepless, hungry, burned by ten days spent in the sun and dust, the family laid the baby before Pedro Caramillo. To their minds it was breathing its last. Securing a glass of water, the venerable curer forced a swallow down the baby's throat, then retired with it to pray.

An hour passed, and just when the parents were on the verge of distraction from prolonged waiting, he reappeared.

"Your child will live," he told them. "Go, eat, feed your animals. Sleep. In the morning, come again."

Learning they had no food, either for themselves or for their animals, no place to sleep, nothing, he cared for them all, and in the morning sent them on their way home, their child alive with them. It was from this baby, now an

old man, that I have learned of Pedro Caramillo.

But whether faith effected his cures or not, the old physician possessed unusual powers. No one could practice as he did without arousing enmity in the hearts of others. It is on an incident growing out of such that I base the above statement, anent his powers.

Called to San Antonio, the story goes Pedro Caramillo was entertained by two men. Apparently unknown to him, these two had arranged to poison him.

As they sat at the table, wine was set before them. A substantial dose of poison had beforehand been placed in the glass set before Caramillo.

"You have put poison in my cup. I will drink it; see." And he swallowed the wine.

"In your cups there is no poison," he went on, watching the astonished pair, "but you shall suffer more than I."

They drank and immediately became so nauseated it was necessary for them to leave the room.

Perhaps it was the knowledge of the deed that nauseated them. Call it what you will. It may have been Caramillo's hypnotic power if he possessed such. The fact remains that he was not harmed by the poison. To the Mexicans of that section, that was sufficient proof of his superhuman qualities.

Sam Houston Presided at First Grand Lodge.

Somewhat dimmed by age—it was written nearly eighty-six years ago—but still plainly decipherable, the signature of Sam Houston, first president of the Republic of Texas, is attached to the proceedings of the meeting held in Houston, December 20, 1837, at which it was decided to form the Masonic Grand Lodge of Texas.

These are found in the first records of the organization, contained in a large leather-bound volume, and stored in the vault of the grand lodge temple at Waco. The first record of a state gathering of Masons of Texas reads as follows:

"City of Houston, Dec. 20, 1837, A. L. 5837.—In pursuance to an invitation from Holland Lodge No. 36 of A. F. & A. M., held at the city of Houston, by virtue of a charter from the most worshipful grand lodge of Louisiana , addressed to the different lodges in the Republic of Texas, a convention of Masons was held in the Senate chamber this day, 3 o'clock p. m.

"On motion, Brother Sam Houston was called to the chair, and Brother Anson Jones was appointed secretary. Delegates presented their credentials and took their seats."

The record shows that the following delegates were present:

Holland Lodge No. 36, Houston—Sam Houston, Anson Jones, Jeff Wright and Thomas G. Western.

Milam No. 40, Nacogdoches—Thomas J. Rusk, I. W. Burton, Charles S. Taylor, Adolphus Stern and K. H. Douglas,

From McFarland Lodge No. 41, St. Augustine, a verbal communication was received through Mr. Stern, authorizing the convention, when it met, to appoint a delegate from that Lodge. Mr. Winchell was appointed and he appeared and took his seat.

"It was resolved on motion of Bro. Jones, that the lodges represented in the general convention consider it a matter of right, and for the general benefit of the order, that they should form and organize themselves into a grand lodge, by the name of the Grand Lodge of the Republic of Texas."

Officers of the First Masonic Grand Lodge of Texas were: Most worshipful master, Anson Jones; right worshipful deputy grand master, Adolphus Stern; right worshipful grand junior warden, Jefferson Wright; right worshipful grand junior warden, Christopher Dart; right worshipful grand secretary, G. H. Winchell; right worshipful grand treasurer, T. G. Western.

It was decided at the convention that the first meeting of the grand lodge should be held in Houston on April 16, 1838. Minutes of the convention are signed by Sam Houston president, and Anson Jones, secretary.

The constitution of the grand lodge was adopted at Houston on May 10, 1838 when the address of the first grand master, Anson Jones, was delivered.

The old volume in the Masonic Grand Lodge Temple records the proceedings of the grand lodge up to and including the sessions held in Austin in 1848.

It was in 1857 that A. S. Ruthven of

Galveston wrote and published, at the request of friends, a book, entitled, "Free Masonry in Texas—A Reminiscense of Its Early History." Mr. Ruthven was grand master and grand secretary of the Grand Lodge at one time.

According to him, Masonry, as an organization, was established in Texas in the winter 1834-1835. During that period he says, five master Masons consulted among themselves, as a result of which Holland Lodge, the first Masonic lodge formed in Texas, came into existence. These five were John A. Wharton, Asa Brigham, James A. E. Phelps, Alexander Russell and Anson Jones , and they were joined by J. P. Caldwell.

"The first meeting," Mr. Ruthven says, in recalling the event, "was held back of the town of Brazoria, in a little grove of wild peach or laurel, selected as a family burying ground by Gen. John Austin. It was secluded and out of the way of 'cowans and eavesdroppers."

This meeting took place in March, 1835, and it was decided to apply to the Grand Lodge of Louisiana for a dispensation to form a lodge, to be called Holland Lodge in honor of the most worshipful grand master of Louisiana, J. H. Holland. Officers named in the petition to the Louisiana Grand Lodge were, Worshipful master, Anson Jones; senior warden, Asa Brigham; junior warden, J. P. Caldwell. The dispensation was granted and the lodge was opened at Brazoria two days after Christmas, Dec. 27, 1835..

It was in February, 1836, that. the last meeting of Holland Lodge, for the Masons—numbered with the other Texas patriots—were busily engaged in defending their country against the Mexican hordes, was held. A month later Fannin, then senior deacon in the lodge, was massacred with other hordes at Goliad.

Brazoria was abandoned in March 1836, when Urrea and his forces took possession of that place, siezing and destroying the records and books of Holland Lodge.

Later, the Grand Lodge of Louisiana granted the application for the charter, and the lodge then became known as the Holland Lodge No. 36. The charter was granted when the Texans were fighting the forces of Santa Anna, and it was in the possession of Texas Masons at the battle of San Jacinto, April 21, 1836. The lodge was reopened in Houston, October 1837, and it became Holland Lodge No. 1 under the Masonic Grand Lodge of the Republic of Texas. Holland Lodge No. 36 was the only Masonic organization established in Texas prior to the revolution which separated this State from Mexico.

It will be noted that unusual Masonic distinction was conferred upon Anson Jones. Not only was he the first worshipful master of the first Masonic lodge in Texas but the first grand master of the grand lodge. Anson Jones was the fourth president of the Republic of Texas. He had served in the Senate and he was Secretary of State during the days of the Texas republic. He retired as President of the republic on Feb. 19, 1846, when J. P. Henderson became the first Governor of the New State of Texas, following the State's admission into the Union in 1845.

From one lodge, which began with six applying for a dispensation, the Masonic fraternity in Texas had on June 24 of this year, according to the records in the office of grand secretary, W. B. Pearson of the grand lodge, 961 chartered lodges, with a membership of 122,879

Texas Legends.

Stirring and fanciful legends, destined one day to furnish the inspiration and material for a literature peculiar to the Southwest are soon to appear in book form, from the pen of J. Frank Dobie, says a news item from Austin, Mr. Dobie, former instructor in English of the University of Texas, now head of the English department of the Oklahoma A. and M. College at Stillwater, Oklahoma, is the collector and editor of the book, and authority for the statement that the legends of the Southwest are treasure houses of hitherto unknown literary riches. The bulk of the material going into the book has been drawn from Texas, according to Mr. Dobie. More than 200 legends, from every section of the State and touching every phase of the multi-colored life and romantic history of the Lone Star State will be included. At Texas University, Mr. Dobie, cowboy, ranchman, newspaper reporter, soldier, teacher and scholar, was known as the "Cowboy Professor." His broad brimmed rancher's hat drew much comment and his cowboy headgear, together with his ranching experience, has brought him his title. For seven years; he was connected with the University of Texas and during the last two years of his service,

he spent every spare moments on the gathering of material for his volume. At the end of the 1922-23 term, Mr. Dobie was called from an instructorship in the university to his present position. Despite the fact that he is removed from the scource springs of his legendary material, Mr. Dobie will continue to gather the original matter because he has interested many native Texans in the collection and preservation of Texas legends. He declared that the uncovering of a legend, rich in whimsical fancy, and representative alone of the Southwest, gives one a thrill akin to the sensation experienced by the art connoiseur upon the discovery of a forgotten art treasure. In speaking of the wealth of unexploited material which lies beneath the surface, Mr. Dobie wrote: As surely as there came to be a literature of New England, of the old South, of New York, of the Middle West, there is coming to a literature of the Southwest—a literature at once local and national. Look how Washington Irving used the legends of the Hudson; look how Longfellow used the legends of New England. These legends of Texas and of the Southwest are the source of material for the Irvings, Whittiers and the Longfellows who are to come. There is a wealth of material, and it is not too much to say that some of the Texas legends are as appealing to the imaginations as are some of the far-famed legends of the Hudson or the Rhine. The rollicking legend of "The Devil and Strap Buchner' is as interesting as that of Ichabod Crane and the legend of 'The Mysterious Music in the Brazos' is as beautiful and fascinating as that of the Loreli.

First Highway in 1830

That the first highway in Western Texas was built through Gonzales as early as 1830, connecting San Antonio de Bexar and Austin, and that a Gonzales man, Byrd Lockhart, official surveyor for DeWitt's Colony, as early as 1831 was the pioneer road builder who engineered the job will be seen from the letter published below, written by Byrd Lockhart and discovered last year in the city archives of San Antonio. It will be noted that the cost of the road amounted to but $400, Lockhart, however, seeking recompense from the Governor of Coahuila and Texas in the sum of four leagues of land, feeling that his work was worth over $1,000. In his introduction he states: "Desirous of add ing to the progress of this beautiful country," he devoted himself "scientifically to delineating and making roads to facilitate travel and stimulate internal commerce." The remainder of the letter follows:

"By my own efforts and labor I have completed, since the end of the year 1827, the roads from Bexar through Gonzales to the town of Austin, its length being 65 leagues, and its width being sufficient to accomodate wagons of a large size, and I have cleared away the brush and timber through which the road passes. I have also opened another road from said Gonzales to Matagorda Bay along the right edge of Lavaca Creek, furnishing, through this road, great facility for the transportation of everything from Gonzales to the said bay, and vice versa, and it is to be hoped that as the General government is forming garrisons on Lavaca Creek, this road will not fail to afford great advantage. The length of this road is from 23 to 30 leagues.

"The expense occasioned be me in opening these roads, not taking into consideration my personal labor, $400.00. The measurements were all made by me, and at very moderate price my services would exceed $1,000. For which reason, and under the belief that my small services will not fail to have some merit with yonr Excellency. I present myself to your Excellency, beseeching you to be pleased to consider four leagues of land in the vacant tracts of this Department, with permission to select them altogether or separate, as may best suit my interest.

Therefore, I beg and supplicate your excellency may be pleased to accede to this petition wherein I shall receive favor.

BYRD LOCKHART.

Town of Gonzales, Sept. 11, 1830.

During the past month Frontier Times has received sketches from fiction writers in different parts of the United States. We do not want fiction or peotry for this magazine. Our aim is to give our readers true history, and when other than historical sketches are sent they will not be used.

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BY J. MARVIN HUNTER
SUBSCRIPTION $1.50 PER YEAR

Some of our friends have expressed the opinion that the material which goes to make Frontier Times so popular and the only publication of its kind in the world, will, in the course of a few months, be totally exhausted. We would admonish them to have no uneasiness on this score. Already we have in manuscript, material enough to run for several years, and by a systematic plan new stories are being constantly received and filed for future use. Your grandchildren will read Frontier Times with the same deree of interest you manifested when you read your last number while your worthy neighbor across the way was waiting to borrow it so that he and his neighbor might learn of the daring deeds by those forefathers and mothers who wrested this fair land from the painted savage and bequeathed it to this generation. We have with us yet many of these brave pioneers, who, though bent with the weight of years have not forgotten the hardships endured and the dangers courted to extend the bounds of civilization, and of them we would voice praises and freely use the columns of our Magazine to perpetuate the glory of their achievement. Verily our field is a broad one, and if you have any misgiving about the supply of material that goes into the make up of the Frontier Times, you have but to conssider that for nearly one hundred years Texas has been "making history" of the most thrilling kind, and we are in possession of almost every incident worthy of mention that bears upon the making of this Empire State; a record of indisputable fact, much of which has hitherto gone unpublished, from the time of the coming of the Spanish missionaries down to our present time—a record of deeds of brave men and heroic women whose names should be engraved on the scroll of fame.

Captain J. B. Gillett, of Marfa, sends us a fine lot of frontier sketches, which will be used in due time.

We cannot supply back numbers of Frontier Times. Our supply of all previous issues has been exhausted.

The best book which has yet been written dealing with frontier life is "Fifty Years on the Old Frontier," by Captain James H. Cook, of Agate, Nebraska. Captain Cook kindly sent us an autographed copy of this wonderful volume, and we are very grateful for the generous gift. We have read it through and we are going to read it again. Written in a simple and unpretentious style, richly human in its interests and always kindly, just and gentle in its judgments, "Fifty Years on the Old Frontier" covers a wonderful space of development in both the region involved and the man who writes about it. The book will well repay the reading of any one who cares about the events of that time and region, either as humanly interesting affairs or as a part of the nation's history. General King in his introduction says of the author's story of the northern Cheyennes and their difficulties with the Government that "Cook tells it all, as officers would have told it long ago but that it might have cost them their commissions.' It is a pitiful story as he tells it, because of his sympathy and understanding. And it is because he can see and appreciate both sides of the controversy between the Indians and whites, and because he writes of the Indians with thorough knowledge and impartial mind and so can judge and appraise them and their case with justice, that Mr. Cook's volume is a notable contribution to the chronicles of American development.

E. A. Brininstool, the nationally known author and magazine writer, has sent us a copy of his book, "Trail Dust of a Maverick," which we find intensely interesting. It depicts the real cowboy life in verse and is the best that has been published. The book is meeting with popular favor everywhere. We are indeed glad to place it in our library and sincerely thank the author for the autographed copy which we proudly possess.

Henry J. Brown of Deming, New Mexico, sends us some rare documents, among which we find a poll list for an election held in Precinct No. 2, Kerr county, Texas, October 18, 1856. Also a monthly report of Captain W. I. Stanifer's company (C) Burnet County State Troops Third Frontier District, for April, 1865. In due time we will publish all this valuable historical data.

CLASSIFIED ADS

Rates Three Cents Per Word Per Issue.

"TRAIL DUST OF A MAVERICK;" most popular book of cowboy poems in print; depict every phase of cowboy life; 244 pages; beautifully bound; $2.50. Address author, E. A. BRININSTOOL, 1428 Norton Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

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BOOKS WANTED—Frontier Times will appreciate the donations of books or phamphlets bearing on the history of Texas. Our library already contains many books of this character, but we want to secure all of the historical data possible. If you have such books that are of no use to you, no matter what may be the condition of the books send them to us, and aid in our work of preserving the history of our great state.—Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

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Romance and Tragedy Adorn the Pages of Texas History

FRONTIER TIMES should be used by teachers in every school in Texas, for it contains historical data that is not obtainable in our school histories. Teachers should use it in their class work, by reading the sketches to their pupils, who will find them not only interesting, but instructive as well. We have no boasts to make of the typographical appearance of this little magazine, for we are doing our best to give it the appearance of a magazine printed forty or fifty years ago, but we do claim that its contents are of great value to the student of history and will prove of great aid in giving to the rising generation a knowledge of conditions that existed in Texas a half century ago.

There is no country on the North American continent that can present a more romantic and tragical history than can Texas. From her earliest period there has clustered around her ROMANCE AND TRAGEDY. The records of her early explorers is a story of incomparable Romance, and Tragedy is stamped on every page. Texas was long regarded as a land of mystery, rich in LEGEND, TRADITION and FABLE. Many of her early explorers risked their lives in their persistent search for the fabulous gold of Gran Quivira and the Seven Hills of the Aijados. The search of Ponce de Leon in the swamps of Florida for the Fountain of Youth, presents no more romantic interest than that of Juan de Humana searching for Gran Quivira and of Juan de Zavala in search of El Cerro de la Plata. The heroic action of Captain Smith is no more romantic than that of Angelina, the Indian Maiden, binding the wounds of the French traveller, Belisle. Irving's record of the conquest of Granada presents no more tragical scene than that of Texas colonists wresting an empire from the hands of the Mexican despots. The Spartans of Thermopylae presents no more daring bravery and sacrifice than those of Travis and his companions at the Alamo. The battles of the world do not eclipse for decisiveness the battle of San Jacinto. The butchery of Fannin and his command at Goliad were as cruel and inhuman as any perpetrated during the inquisition. The half vanished memories of the ROMANCE AND TRAGEDY of our State's history are presented by Frontier Times as an enduring monument to the memory of the Texas pioneers who labored, struggled and sacrificed that FREEDOM'S FLAG might forever wave over this fair land of ours.

The editor of Frontier Times is a native of Texas and knows personally many of the men and women whose sketches will appear in these columns. His father, John Warren Hunter, was one of the best historians the state ever produced, and at the time of his death, which occurred at San Angelo in 1915, he was engaged in compiling a history of Texas and her heroes. We have a vast accumulation of historical data—thrilling in the extreme—representing more than thirty-five years' effort in collecting, and we are still gathering data of this kind, which is to be used in Frontier Times, that our boys and girls, the old and young, and future generations, may read of the exploits, adventures, undertakings, and heroic achievements of the men and women who made Texas the wonderful state she is today. Send us a dollar and a half for a year's subscription. Get your neighbor to do likewise, and thus help us to perpetuate the history of our forefathers, that future generations may be inspired by the same lofty courage and patriotism.

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